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WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Kefauver: Man and Myth

PETER CRUMPET

Eurafrica or Africasia?

J. DERVIN

Bring on the Menckens!

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

Articles and Reviews by · · · ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN
MORRIE RYSKIND · FREDA UTLEY · RUSSELL KIRK
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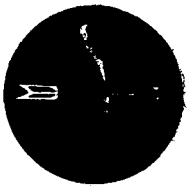

from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Day of Decision

The President's decision in re Second Term is certain to set off some whirlwind maneuvering within the GOP High Command. If the decision is positive, the President will be nominated by acclamation—almost without the formality of a first ballot. If it is negative, it will set off the most titanic struggle the party in power has ever known.

Delegates' Choice

This year there will be, in general, particularly careful choosing of Vice Presidential nominees by both parties. If Mr. Eisenhower insists that his team-mate must be Mr. Nixon, the Convention will go along. But if Eisenhower does not firmly insist, there will be a serious effort to replace Nixon.

Others

Eisenhower's retirement would be the signal for an all-out race for the top spot. Most analyists believe that Chief Justice Earl Warren meant what he said in his "I do not choose to run" statement last year. Nonetheless, some local and national leaders would be pressuring him to permit the use of his name. Vice President Nixon and Senator Knowland would of course actively seek the nomination—giving the State of California at least three candidates. There would be others. Governor Herter of Massachusetts has been making like a candidate. Senator Bridges of New Hampshire is a possibility. Senator Joseph McCarthy would have some backers. There would be favorite sons all over the map, including half a dozen GOP governors (most of whom would settle today for the Vice Presidential nomination).

Democrats

On the Democratic side, the announced candidates Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver are already doing battle in three key states. Unannounced candidate Averell Harriman is ready to step forward in the event that the other two stumble the least bit. All-out Democratic battles are in prospect in Florida, California and Minnesota. In California, Stevenson is catching on well where Kefauver won four years ago; and Kefauver is doing better in Florida than he did there four years ago (when he lost the Presidential primary to Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, who now appears determined to stay out of the picture). Stevenson has been walking a tight rope in California when pressured for statements designed to attract the Negro voters. Such statements were meant to help in California and not to hurt in Florida (and in other southern states where Stevenson has widespread support). Some observers believe that the statements Stevenson finally issued have helped him in Florida, where he needs help to beat Kefauver. Kefauver, with his pleas for One World, arms to Israel, and the like, hasn't improved his chances in Florida.

Kefauver

There hasn't yet been any real action in Minnesota but most observers are a little surprised that Kefauver challenged Stevenson in that state. With Senator Hubert Humphrey and Governor Orville Freeman (and the governor's patronage) behind Stevenson, there appears little doubt that Kefauver bit off more than he could chew in the Gopher State.

Oregon

GOP chances in Oregon were increased with the announcement by Representative Walter Norblad that he would seek the governorship. While Norblad declined to take on Senator Wayne Morse (against whom the GOP has not yet found a suitable opponent), it is generally agreed that the popular congressman, a War Veteran with proven vote-getting ability, will make a formidable candidate.

Labor

There may develop a national Democratic coalition of Harriman-for-President and G. Mennen Williams-for-Vice-President operators, with Tammany Chief Carmine De Sapio aiming at the position of national Democratic chairman. Some labor leaders make much of the fact that De Sapio was given a seat of honor at a recent labor dinner in Washington at which Governor Williams was the chief speaker.

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CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 29, 1956 VOL. I, NO. 15

THE WEEK 3

ARTICLES

Kefauver: Man and Myth ..... Peter Crumpet 9
Eurafrica or Africasia? ..... J. Dervin 13
Can Anyone Strike Back? ..... Anthony T. Bouscaren 19
Bring on the Menckens! ..... John Abbot Clark 22

DEPARTMENTS

From Washington Straight ..... Sam M. Jones 2
The Liberal Line ..... Willmoore Kendall 8
National Trends ..... L. Brent Bozell 12
Foreign Trends ..... W. S. 15
Letter from London ..... F. A. Voigt 16
The Third World War ..... James Burnham 17
South Carolina ..... Sam M. Jones 18
The Printed Word ..... Jonathan Mitchell 21
From the Academy ..... Russell Kirk 24
From Hollywood ..... Morrie Ryskind 25
To the Editor 30

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Living Letters from the Dead ..... Freda Utley 26
Sonja and the Pharisees ..... F. R. Buckley 27
And Then There Was One ..... William Henry Chamberlin 28
Not for Love nor Money ..... Robert Phelps 28
Sights and Sounds ..... Roger Becket 29
Worthy Crown ..... Roy Campbell 29

POEM

Liscot's Horses ..... Roy Campbell 8

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The WEEK

The news that the President has largely recovered from his heart attack is reassuring. The announcement, by Dr. Paul Dudley White, was interpreted widely as a preliminary to the main event: Eisenhower's public announcement that he will seek reelection. NATIONAL REVIEW has predicted that the President will not run, but we confess to being considerably less certain, in the light of recent events, that he will retire. Whatever his decision, we are glad that the President intends to make it public in a matter of days. The time has come to quiet down the seething political situation, and to prepare for a national discussion of issues of historic moment.

The intervention by Governor Leader (and four other state governors) in the Westinghouse strike looks to us like a pro-union maneuver. The two fact-finders he named are men of high standing; but both are former New Deal appointees, and one at present an arbitrator for the AFL-CIO. If Governor Leader had acted impartially, he would surely have nominated at least one fact-finder without a long-standing record of association with labor unions. Leader has a relevant tie in common with James Carey, head of the striking union: both are political advisers of Adlai Stevenson. Westinghouse, in other words, was well advised when it turned down Governor Leader's proposal.

That Adlai Stevenson's moderation on the question of integration in Southern schools should evoke fire-and-brinstone reaction from the professional left comes as no surprise. George Meany's blast at Labor's 1952 Presidential candidate for "running away from the issue" and his challenge to Stevenson to "stand up and be counted" is, we can predict, only one of many such statements. But to us, no reaction will prove as titillating as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's rapid-fire statement to the press explaining her protégé's imbroglio. Mrs. Roosevelt, long-time apostle of immediate racial equality, is also honorary chairman of the New York State Stevenson for President Committee. She clarified the problem as follows: "The confusion and misunderstanding that have arisen concerning Adlai Stevenson's position on civil rights seems to be difficult to understand." Over to you, Mr. Pegler!

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Weeks have gone by since the jury reported in on Paul Hughes, confidence man extraordinary—enough time, in any case, for the Liberal moralizers to gather their thoughts, and pronounce on the questions raised. But it becomes clearer and clearer that they do not intend to comment on the Hughes case. In fact, hardly anyone intends to comment on it, it seems. Not even the Republican Party which, for reasons we cannot hope to understand, has expressed no interest in the skulduggery of the Democratic brass. Is the failure of the Republicans to strike back due to a genteel reluctance to hit the Democrats when they are down? Or is it because the Republicans cannot muster any indignation at any attempt, no matter how sordid, whose aim it is to railroad Senator McCarthy? It is likely, for there has never been much doubt that in the great game of anti-McCarthyism, the end justifies any means.

President and General

Through the columns of *Life* and the daily press, the smoldering bitterness between ex-President Truman and General Douglas MacArthur has once more flared. Time has not tempered the fierceness of the dispute, nor removed the contradictions in the opposing historical accounts. The excerpts from Mr. Truman's memoirs and General MacArthur's reply add new conflicts of fact and of feeling.

The ex-President now makes discipline the chief ground of justification for MacArthur's summary removal. "MacArthur left me no choice—I could no longer tolerate his insubordination."

We believe it incorrect for General MacArthur and his defenders, among whom NATIONAL REVIEW is numbered, to continue to debate the issue on this secondary plane. It is true that General MacArthur has made out a powerful case against Mr. Truman's charge of insubordination. It is true also that—even if there had been insubordination—Mr. Truman's mode of procedure toward a man whose life had been so wholly dedicated to his country's service was shameful, infamous. With reason General MacArthur describes it as "a vengeful reprisal . . . No office boy, no charwoman, no servant of any sort would have been dismissed with such callous disregard for the ordinary decencies."

Granted all this, it nevertheless remains also true that the Commander may always dismiss or transfer a subordinate officer for any reason or no reason, for a mere personal whim if he so decides. That is the law of the military here and everywhere and at all times, and MacArthur cannot of course question it: "President Truman's legal authority to relieve a field commander, irrespective of the wisdom or stupidity of his action, has never been questioned by anyone." That Mr. Truman, by his manner of exercising his authority, disgraced himself and his record for all subsequent time does not affect this inevitable rule of a military hierarchy.

Let us put aside the problem of formal discipline and of personal manner, and direct our attention to the heart of the matter.

This dispute between ex-President Truman and General MacArthur specifies in both intellectual and moral terms historical issues that are central to our present and our future. It is difficult for the issues to be precisely joined, because of the disparity of the men who express them: one, a shrewd, vulgar, half-educated machine politician hurled by a combination of accident and luck into the first office of the world, which no personal quality fitted him to fill; the other, a leader of men, burdened (too much perhaps) with a somber sense of destiny, remote, religious, a rare combination of field commander and grand strategist, given to profound meditation on the fate of his country and his civilization in this unfolding crisis of world history.

Harry Truman knew little of the East or of the world or of history. Taking his advice on Asia from George Marshall, Dean Acheson, Philip Jessup, John Carter Vincent, John Stewart Service, through them from Owen Lattimore and his IPR associates, and through them from the strategists of the Kremlin, what chance did such a man—whose sense of inferiority to true leaders is expressed in every chapter of his memoirs—have to learn the truth or to decide wisely? After having pursued policies that made unavoidable the Communist conquest of China, he decided, from what may well have been mere momentary impulse, to fight in Korea. But he did not understand his own decision; and under the pressure of advisers, allies, enemies and traitors, he drew back in confusion from its consequences.

Not realizing that there is in war, indeed "no substitute for victory," realizing still less the nature of the Communist plan for world conquest or the world-strategic meaning of American failure, floundering in the coils of history, he released his frustrations by humiliating and "firing" (exactly in the style of an unsuccessful shopkeeper) a man who symbolized everything that he was not: strategic wisdom, unwavering courage, national and personal honor, absolute resolution.

Senator Case's Conscience

Senator Francis Case of South Dakota has worked very hard at making a fool of himself and, clearly possessing the raw material, has done a good job of it. An attempt was made, he broods, to bribe him to favor the Fulbright Bill which restores to the

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market place the function of regulating the price of natural gas; and that attempt prompted him to vote *against* the bill rather than for it, as he had intended to vote.

We haven't the slightest notion whether or not Mr. Neff of Omaha attempted to bribe Senator Case; and we shall be guided, until all the evidence is in, by the presumption that, in contributing to Senator Case's election fund, Mr. Neff was simply registering a general approval of the Senator's voting record. Also, we are influenced by the presumption that, at the going rate, a Senator's vote on a crucial issue is worth more than the niggardly $2,500 Neff contributed to Case. As to the facts, let the Senate investigate them, by all means, to ascertain whether inordinate pressure was exerted or laws broken.

But Senator Case's reaction is childish. If he reasoned correctly in deciding to vote *against* his convictions as a gesture of protest against an attempted bribe, he has pointed the way to a most effective means of influencing legislation: One simply rewards legislators who are on record as opposing legislation one desires, thus causing them to change their minds. Senator Case has not grasped the meaning of the ethical stricture against succumbing to bribery. The point is that a bribe should not affect a vote in *any* way. The alleged attempt to bribe Senator Case clearly did affect, according to his own admission, his vote. He thus is guilty of a serious impropriety.

The South Girds Its Loins

There is no mistaking the resolution the South is showing in resisting judicial colonization, or its resourcefulness in doing so. The South feels threatened. In self-defense, its leaders have probed the nature of the relationship of the individual state to the federal government with more attention than has been given the subject in a hundred years.

An attempt will be made, it is now revealed, to resist the Supreme Court by questioning its jurisdiction. Both Georgia and Virginia have passed resolutions setting forth the reason why they intend to come between the people and the federal government. Georgia did not even balk at using antebellum language generally deemed unserviceable. The decision of the Court, ran the resolution, is "null and void."

Georgia's reasoning—and that of Virginia—is by no means capricious or sophistical. Since the Constitution does not explicitly deny to the states, the right to supervise education, and since it does not explicitly assign that right to the federal government, education becomes a matter for the individual states to regulate. Georgia's ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment by no means constituted an agreement that "the power to operate racially separate public schools was to be prohibited" to the individual states —as witness the fact that "the very Congress" which submitted the Fourteenth Amendment "established separate schools in the District of Columbia," and that in more than one instance the same state legislatures that ratified the amendment provided for such schools.

Under the circumstances, the resolution concludes, it is the solemn duty of the state government to interpose its authority to protect the people of Georgia against the "massive" and illegal "expansion of central authority."

Meanwhile, in Washington, the Senate turned its attention to Section 5 of the Fourteenth Amendment, which states that "the Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article." Let Congress record, urge the sponsors of Senate Joint Resolution 137 (who include Senators Russell, George, McClellan, Thurmond and Robertson) "that the requirements of such amendment with regard to such public education as may be afforded by the States are satisfied through the operation of either schools which are desegregated as to race, or schools for the different races which are separate but equal, as each sovereign State may elect."

Those who oppose the South's resistance tend to rest their case, simply, on the fact that they disapprove of racial discrimination of any kind. It has been surprisingly difficult to fix their attention on the fact that, as far as the South and its sympathies are concerned, something else is at stake. Indeed, support for the Southern position rests not at all on the question whether Negro and White children should, in fact, study geography side by side; but on whether a central or a local authority should make that decision.

It is particularly strange that the same people, by and large, who attach profound significance to an almost ritualistic maintenance of traditional freedoms, even when those freedoms are used in behalf of men or causes we disapprove of, should be so slow to understand the nature of the resistance to the Supreme Court's ruling. Everyone seems to have agreed, seven years ago, that society did not stand to lose a great deal by the forcible silencing of the demagogic and rabble-rousing Father Terminiello; but, just the same, we approved the decision of the Court that interference by the City of Chicago with Father Terminiello's haranguing was illegal. We reasoned that we were not prepared to surrender to civil authorities the right to decide whether or not a speech is potentially inflammatory, however strongly we disagreed with Father Terminiello himself. Who approves, in the abstract, of some of the activities of Frank Costello, or Harry Bridges, or John Gates, or of any of a number

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of beneficiaries of laws designed to protect the rights of individuals to do wrong things?

Segregated schooling, we repeat, is not the issue. Segregated schooling, in terms of the larger issues involved, is about as important as Jenkin's Ear.

Taxmanship in India

In the Gentle Art of Taxmanship which, as the levellers see it, is the art of separating the wealthy from their wealth, India may now be said to be One Up.

The Indian Planning Commission, which recently drew up an economic program for the Congress Party Convention at Armitsar, has added a couple of ingenious gimmicks to the orthodox steeply progressive income tax and death duty gambits designed to make the rich, in the shortest possible time, as poor as the poor. The first is an annual tax on capital—not the one-shot operation Great Britain put through during World War Two, but a *yearly* levy on capital.

The second is a ceiling on personal income. The report said that there was "general agreement" among members of the Commission that personal incomes on the highest level should bear a "reasonable relationship" to the average per capita income in the country. The report goes on to suggest that thirty times the national average would be a "reasonable" ceiling. Since the average national income in India today is $58.80, the proposed ceiling would be $1,764. A year.

The recommendations of the Indian Planning Commission are not yet the law of the land, but may soon be. Let other social equalizers look to their laurels!

The Farmers Fight the Unions

With the collapse of farm prices last fall, Democratic Liberals hugged themselves. They saw the farm states as safely Democratic in the 1956 election. But the farm vote has now become an unhatched chicken on which neither party can count with confidence. Part of the reason is the quiet warfare in progress between the farmers and the labor unions.

The farmers blame the unions for the "price squeeze" in which they are caught. The price of farm products is down by 7 per cent from 1947-1949 (the new parity years); the price of manufactured goods up by 12 per cent. The farmer has to sell cheap and buy dear. In blaming the unions for the price inflation of manufactured goods, the farmer has considerable authority to back him up (e.g., Wilhelm Roepke, NATIONAL REVIEW, Jan. 18, 1956).

The two largest farm organizations, the Farm Bureau Federation and the Grange, are backing right-to-work bills before state legislatures, and, in Washington, urging a change in the Taft-Hartley Act to outlaw the union shop. In an attempt to pacify the farmer, Reuther has come out for 100 per cent parity prices and has sent agents, including women, into the farm states to probe the causes of discontent.

The farmers know that however much the Democratic Liberals pretend to love them, the Liberals love the unions more. The farmers are the Liberals' stepchildren. If farm prices hold steady and even rise moderately (as many farm economists predict), the farm states may give the Democrats a rude surprise in November.

Squaring the Farm Circle

Fantastic proposals to solve the farm problem are the one crop that has never, within living memory, been in short supply. The Senate Agriculture Committee has, however, just come up with a hybrid that beats all previous mutations.

As everyone knows, our farm economy is suffocated by a ten-billion-dollar surplus of wheat, corn, cotton and other farm commodities. As most persons know and some will admit, the principal cause of this glut is the long-term governmental policy of paying for these products (through various devices, especially the so-called parity payment) a guaranteed price that is much of the time above the market price. The farmers raise crops not for the market but for the government; and the government pays whether or not the market can absorb the product.

A high guaranteed subsidy (parity payment) makes the continuation and increase of the surplus a certainty. Recognizing this fact, Secretary of Agriculture Benson, supported by the Administration, has insisted on a flexible support price, and has lowered the parity guarantee for most crops to a level considerably under the previous 90 per cent of the theoretic parity norm. Benson's policy has not been drastic enough to get rid of the surplus, but it has moved in a rational direction.

This year the Administration put forward the plan for a "Soil Bank": meaning, in brief, payments to farmers for taking land out of production. From the standpoint of economic principle this idea of paying people for *not* producing ranks high for absurdity. (What would happen if it were extended to all areas of production?) But, granted the election-year political tension over the farm question, it may have some practical justification as an emergency measure. At least its specific purpose—to reduce the surplus—might to some degree be accomplished by it.

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But the Senate Agriculture Committee, after approving the Soil Bank, went right on to put into the next section of its bill a mandatory return to the old high (90 per cent) fixed parity guarantees on the major crops. The bill is thus in flat contradiction with itself. One half sets up the Soil Bank, designed to reduce the surplus. The other half sets high parity prices, which lead to a still further increase in the surplus. The one consistent meaning of the bill is to pass out election-year government money to farmers, whatever they do, whether they farm their land or sit on rocking chairs.

Secretary Benson's stalwart opposition to the bill as it came from the Committee, and his promise of a Presidential veto, show an attitude that in the face of election pressures toward unrestricted demagogy is commendable and courageous.

Again the Double Standard

On the campus of the University of Alabama, February 7, Autherine Lucy, a Negro enrolled as a student pursuant to a court order, was subjected to the jeers and menaces of a hostile crowd that transformed itself into a mob. According to the reports, some in the mob cursed and reviled her, and some threw objects—vegetables and stones, apparently—toward her. When she got into an automobile to drive away, the mob pushed against it and struck it with various missiles.

The press of the nation featured this lamentable incident over a period of many days, and it remains still prominent. Many leading reporters went to the scene. Thousands of editorials and columns have been written on it, almost all of them in severe condemnation of the actions of the mob (as it is invariably—and rightly—termed) and in support of what they hold to be Miss Lucy's civil and moral rights.

At the gates of the East Pittsburgh plant of the Westinghouse Electric Company, on February 13, several dozen regular employees of the company endeavored to enter the plant in order to begin their day's work. The gate was blocked by a large crowd, gathered in open defiance of a court order, that transformed itself into a mob. The employees who wished to enter and work were subjected to jeers and menaces. According to the reports, the mob cursed and reviled them, threw rocks and other objects at them, partly smashed some of their automobiles and physically injured some of their persons.

A brief, routine report of this incident appeared in some papers. No special reporters went to the scene. So far as we can find out, no editorials or columns were written in condemnation of the mob's violence or its defiance of the court, or in support of what those citizens believed to be their civil and moral right to work for a living.

Sounding Brass

Professor Paul J. Tillich, a profound theologian, spoke at Harvard University recently and characterized as "potential Fascism" the "McCarthy movement of the past few years." Mr. Tillich ought to know, he assured his audience: as a professor at the University of Frankfurt, he witnessed the birth of Nazism and left Germany, in 1933, protesting Nazism's rise to power; or, to quote him exactly, protesting "the Fascist's enmity against any self-surrendering love toward the Cross of Christ."

It is regrettable that Mr. Tillich should draw such slovenly comparisons—for two reasons. For one, he is a professional philosopher whose respected capacity for making fundamental distinctions should equip him to distinguish the easily distinguishable—in this case, to distinguish between a movement aimed at amassing great power in the government to reorganize society around a bundle of revolutionary neuroses, and a carefully delimited movement backing the efforts of a man to enforce a reasonable program of internal security. For another, as a practising—indeed, a professional—Christian, Professor Tillich should think once more before he imputes to the millions of Americans who backed McCarthy the same or related motivations that encouraged an insane return to barbarism.

Moscow Production

Ridiculous attempts are being made—in London, and in certain quarters here—to relate Moscow's Burgess-Maclean press conference to Bulganin's impending visit to Britain. The Russians, we are told, suddenly produced Burgess and Maclean by way of sowing hemlock between the British and ourselves, a situation Bulganin will duly exploit when he reaches London. The Russians, we are told again in effect, were afraid Her Majesty might fix Bulganin in the eye and ask, "Where, my good man, are my servants Burgess and Maclean?"; so they were smoothing the way by answering the question before it got asked.

All such explanations presuppose that Her Majesty had assumed all along that Burgess and Maclean were *not* inside the Soviet orbit—that, let us say, they were off somewhere in a space ship. The correct explanation of their public reappearance appears to lie in the fact that the Soviets intended, with this cheap theater, to say to us: We can reach into the most sacred and guarded places of Western society and work our will with its most trusted servitors. So abandon any effort to guard your secrets. You can assume that what motivated Burgess and Maclean to consort with us is today motivating others who refuse to acquiesce in plotting a war against us.

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The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Let's take one more class hour, however painful, over the *New Republic's* current series on "The State of Our Civil Liberties" — and then let Professor Roche go his way in peace.

As we saw two weeks ago, Professor Roche did *not* find a terror in the land directed against "denigrators" of established institutions and ideas. *This was disappointing.* But he didn't let the editors of the *New Republic* down completely — nor did his scholarly circumspection about the evidence continue, throughout the series, to force him into positions at variance with the Liberal line. By the end of the series, indeed, all the line had done was take one step back and two steps forward. As witness the following:

Routine Business

Item: We — that is, the Liberal propaganda machine — never had it so good, Roche concludes, where "civil liberties" are concerned. But when he begins to tell how the present happy state of affairs has come about, Roche settles down to routine Liberal-line business. Thanks are due, for one thing, to "the increasing power and jurisdiction of the national government," which has put civil liberties beyond the reach of "extremist politicians." Our present civil-liberties policy, in other words, represents a further triumph of those safeguards against majority-rule that the Framers of the Constitution wrote into our basic law. (There is, of course, some embarrassment in the fact that the Liberal line was *for* majority-rule, and against the safeguards, back when the Supreme Court was the safeguard and what it was trying to prevent was the New Deal.)

Item: Another factor that has contributed to the present happy state is "the urbanization and the impersonalization of life that accompanies life in the metropolis and its suburbs." Concretely, our debt is to the "decentralization of the rural system of social control, centered usually on that highly efficient intelligence service, the rural church." "In the city, it is quite possible to live differently [i.e., in defiance of the teachings of the church], and think differently [i.e., denigrate the house gods] from one's neighbors *without their even knowing, much less caring, about the deviation.*" And then the kill, reflecting the Liberal line's characteristic revolt against responsibility, and its favorite misrepresentation about "individualism": "In sum, nonconformity, a psychological manifestation of strong individualism, is paradoxically [!] sheltered by a *blanket of urban anonymity*". (All italics mine.) Individualism, in a word, cannot show a firm devotion to the institutions and beliefs we have inherited from the past. People are in general so little concerned about the public good that they do not care what their neighbors believe. It follows that, to promote the best interests of individualism, anything that makes the United States a little more like New York, and a little less like the towns and villages in which American institutions and beliefs were nurtured is, by hypothesis, all to the good.

Item: While "the old-fashioned American reign of terror is a disappearing phenomenon," we have — and at last we find out where Roche is going — we have "rushed to set up a security program, or programs, based more on principles of vengeance than security." Roche is, of course, for the programs' *aims*: "Governments have the right to protect themselves from disloyal servants and I heartily approve of rigid standards of loyalty for all persons in sensitive positions." But our present programs in fact "vary from careful scrutiny to malevolent idiocy"; the proceedings involved are "Kafkaesque"; and we have forgotten that "the great bulk of government jobs are of a non-sensitive character" — so that, we may infer, it wouldn't matter if we did staff them with Communists. We must get back to a policy of putting the burden of proof on the United States to demonstrate the malfeasance of the individual." " . . . harmonica players are denied a hall because of alleged subversive connections; boxers are required to take loyalty oaths before putting on gloves. . . ." And "the assault against Communism has in the United States begun to resemble a campaign against rabid foxes" — which, we may infer, Communists are not like at all.

The Terror Is Liberal

Item: Professor Roche, like all good Liberals, is clearly unable to conceive of a terror directed, not against the denigrators of the house gods, but against the worshippers of the house gods. Despite his scholarly commitments therefore, he just never gets around to noticing the major thesis of Buckley's and Bozell's *McCarthy and His Enemies* and E. Merrill Root's *Collectivism on the Campus;* namely: that "the non-conformists" today occupy the strategic positions and are taking it out of the hides of what Roche would call "conformists." Also, therefore, Roche never gets around to examining the mountain of available evidence pointing to the unambiguous conclusion: The Liberal propaganda machine is itself conducting a Terror, skillfully and relentlessly directed against conservatives in all walks of life; and doubly effective because it is never mentioned by the nation's mass communications media.

Well, the *New Republic* got its money's worth, after all. Now didn't it?

Liscot's Horses

Coasting the Delta of the dead lagoons,
The Patron said, "We're in for dirty weather,
For here come Liscot's horses all together
(Confound the vermin!) making for the dunes."
And there along the low verge of the land
All silver fire (Niagara set free!)
Three hundred silken streamers swept the sand,
And with them came the wind, and rose the sea.

ROY CAMPBELL
St. Marie de la Mer

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Kefauver: Man and Myth

The Senator from Tennessee has proved that a sure instinct for capturing the political limelight makes unnecessary any special talent as thinker or speaker

PETER CRUMPET

In the brilliant autumn of 1951, Estes Kefauver first entered the American scene as a Presidential candidate. Awkward as Ichabod Crane, tall as Bunyan, Lincolnesque in profile, this lean index finger of a man stirred the voting public who saw in him a frontier fighter with the bloody scalps of gangsterdom slapping slick against his hips.

His hand was long, thick and strong. And handsomely manicured. It was thrust out in an ever-ready greeting. "My name is Estes Kefauver," he would announce in a soft drawl. "I'm running for the Presidency and I'd be honored to have your vote."

Millions of Americans felt that homespun appeal and sent him to the Democratic Convention with 340 pledged delegates. He led through two counts and it was only at the third roll call that Kefauver fell under the Stevenson steamroller, with the convention-wise party chiefs at its controls.

Ancient history, it is said. Kefauver can't repeat his near-miss. It was a fluke, that screaming stretch run in 1952. But it can't be taken for granted. A year ago Raymond Moley, an astute political prognosticator, wrote:

> While I entertain no admiration for Kefauver, I have believed for two years that he would be hard to beat in 1956. He is of sterner stuff than Stevenson. He has a species of conviction which he peddles with tireless energy. He is as radical as he thinks the situation demands, and that is considerably to the left of Stevenson. . . .

Born on July 26, 1903, Estes Kefauver comes from an old American family. Of French Huguenot origin, his people settled in Frederick, Maryland, before the Revolution. They were mostly professional men. Kefauver himself was born on what the *Nation* has characterized as "one of the finest estates in east Tennessee."

In short, Kefauver did not have to chop his way out of a log cabin. His own accounts of his early life stress that he waited on tables, tended furnaces, sold Bibles and brushes to work his way through college and law school; they play down the fact that while hard hit by the depression, "Poppsy" (Robert Cooke) Kefauver was always comfortably fixed. He farmed, owned a local hardware store, and served five times as Mayor of Madisonville, Tennessee.

Blocks into Stepping-Stones

Young Estes did not have to struggle to go to college. He took jobs to pick up extra money, and he labored through one summer in a Harlan County, Kentucky, coal mine to toughen himself for football at the University of Tennessee. From this experience he seems to have "developed his real sympathy for coal miners and unions," according to *Time*.

Writing in the *Reader's Digest* on "The Best Advice I Ever Had," Kefauver speaks of his unhappiness during the first week of college. He was just a poor country boy, he fairly drawled, thrust out of his home pasture. When he returned home, a long look on his long face, his mother took him aside. "Estes," she counseled, "you must turn your stumbling blocks into stepping-stones. Let hurt feelings be a prod to work just that much harder. If you feel disappointed about your classes, let the disappointment spur you to study more. Then you'll have a triumph to your credit."

Kefauver has been stepping on blocks ever since. He writes that, fired with determination by his mother's words, he practiced an extra half hour on the blocking dummy and made the football team. According to his own account, he paid for his room by stoking furnaces, which meant rising two hours earlier. He capitalized on this regime by stoking his mind at the same time, and, as he modestly admits, "Before the four years were over I had turned enough stumbling blocks into stepping-stones to receive my share of honors in scholastics and sports."

This is indeed a modest statement. The record shows that Kefauver became a star tackle, high-jumped on the track team and set a local discus record. He edited the college paper, became president of the student council and was voted the "outstanding member" of his class.

Graduated from the Yale Law School in 1927, Kefauver soon found that his hill-country height (6′ 3″), raw-boned weight (a relatively trim 220) and modified drawl were no hindrance when facing a jury. "Keef handled a jury like a country boy," said one of his ex-partners to a *Time* reporter. ". . . He used language the jurors could understand. He never tried to be eloquent or quote poetry."

It was while he was practicing in Chattanooga that romance entered the life of this humorless, hardworking attorney. He fell for red-haired Nancy Pigott, daughter of a Scottish baronet and an American mother. Witty, wise and devoted, she is believed by many to have started Kefauver on his political career.

As president of a committee of citizens, Kefauver helped bring TVA power to Chattanooga and won local fame as "Mr. TVA." In 1939, he was elected to the House of Representatives, where he remained until 1948. His first flutter on the national scene was in 1944 when *Life* devoted an editorial to his proposal that Cabinet members report periodically to Congress in a parliamentary question-and-answer period. So imaginative a proposal, said *Life*, "if passed . . . will be a reminder that Americans are still politically a highly talented people."

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It is safe to assume that Kefauver mentally recorded this incident, processing the beneficent publicity through the political IBM machine that spins away deep in his mind. A short time later, in 1946, he introduced the bill which became the Legislative Reorganization Act. Called his outstanding achievement as a legislator, this Act publicly tabbed him as a reformer.

A year later, in collaboration with Dr. Jack Levin, a New Deal economist, Kefauver brought out a book entitled *A Twentieth Century Congress*. It proposed a few jocular innovations, (such as electrical voting), and some commonsensical plans, including a further reorganization of the committee system. But it also made certain serious and far-reaching attacks on the many checks and balances inherent in our constitutional form of government. (These attacks will be discussed in greater detail in the second article of this series.)

But this was mostly extra-curricular. "In his nine years in the House," summed up *Time*, "young Congressman Kefauver was noted principally for championing TVA, voting the straight New Deal ticket, and—most remarkable of all—working hard and keeping his mouth shut."

Legend of the Boss-Killer

In 1948 Kefauver determined to run for the Senate, tossed his hat (ordinary felt) into the political ring and whirled into a campaign surpassed in intensity only by his 1952 run for the Presidential nomination.

Nobody's hick when it comes to winning elections, "Keef" secured a professional opinion of his chances from a representative of a famous research poll. It came as a shock, what with his famous book and all, to find out that only 13 per cent of the voters favored him. But with the words of his mother in his ears, he whittled another stumbling block down to size.

"I ran scared," he wrote. "I discussed the campaign issues for 16 or 17 hours a day in some 300 towns, cities and hamlets, visiting each two or three times." He ran a campaign that previewed his 1952 attempt, the kind he hopes will eventually install him in the White House.

Kefauver hit the jackpot in that Senate race in the form of national political reputation when he took on,

or, to be more precise, was taken on by Boss Crump, tyrant of Memphis and symbol of municipal venality. Crump, in effect, bestowed on Kefauver the suit of shining armor which the Senator wears to this day.

The one mistake the aging political boss made was to call Kefauver a Communist. Now, anybody can tell "Keef" isn't a Communist. "Just look at him," one man said, "Did you ever see a Communist who looked like that?" Crump's ill-conceived smear gave Kefauver an opportunity to display his erudition on the general subject of Communism. "Communism," he warned solemnly, "is a form of dictatorship under which the state controls everything. It is a relentless, one-man rulership where . . . free enterprise is handicapped."

Kefauver had the wit, too, to turn another insult hurled at him by Crump into a stepping-stone to national fame. In a full-page newspaper ad, Boss Crump proclaimed:

"Kefauver reminds me of the pet coon that puts its foot in an open drawer in your room, but invariably turns its head while it is feeling around in the drawer."

There are several versions of what followed the ad, but the substance seems to be that Kefauver brought a live coon to his next public meeting, offering it up as the badge of his anti-Bossism. In due time, Kefauver's clever wife exercised her talent for stage direction by dropping the live animal in favor of a coonskin cap—for the excellent reason that the coon's incurable mugging was stealing the show.

This is not surprising. Kefauver is a colorless speaker, one of the dullest orators in the Senate. But by his stand against Crump, and the coonskin cap gimmick, he made credible the representation he nurtured so skillfully, of the country boy, pure in heart, a little inexperienced perhaps but righteous and brave, standing up to the Boss. He not only dealt Crump a thumping personal defeat; he cracked one of the last of the old and dissolute municipal machines. His victory was universally applauded.

It is a fact that he beat Crump. It is also a fact that the defeat helped push the Crumps off the political stage. But the myth that has grown up around the victory is hardly justified by the victory itself.

In 1948, the power of Boss Crump had already been seriously undermined. And when other Tennessee Democratic leaders, including Silliman Evans, publisher of the *Nashville Tennessean*, decided to contest the domination of the state with Crump at a time when the TVA and other projects meant considerable spending of federal government money in Tennessee, the battle was not difficult. Kefauver himself was already the best-known man in the state. The *Nashville Tennessean* saw to it that he remained before the public eye. And the vast number of TVA payrollees and beneficiaries could be counted on to vote New Deal and particularly for the homegrown "Mr. TVA."

On the legend of Kefauver, the Boss-Killer, even the sympathetic *Nation* commented:

> He has been considerably less of a battler of party bosses than his current reputation would indicate. He was elected to Congress with amiable support of the bosses in Chattanooga and Polk County. When he started running for the Senate, he resolutely declined to make Boss Crump a campaign issue until the Memphis leader lambasted him. . . .

Just the same, the 1948 Senate campaign perfected Kefauver's electioneering technique, earned him the coonskin cap which he ballyhooed into a national symbol of homespun purity, and established him in the public mind

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as an advocate of clean government and legislative reform. He had now only to enlarge his reputation, and to that task he vigorously addressed himself.

The Scourge of Crime

Kefauver's Grand Idea took shape about a year after his election to the Senate. How better could he promote himself as America's foremost champion of purity than by presiding in stern righteousness over a committee investigating organized crime! How better could he dissociate himself from the charges of corruption then beginning to rise around the Truman Administration than by tilting his lance against *real* criminals and, incidentally, reburnishing his own armor as a reformer!

He made his proposal to party leaders, which was a near fatal fumble, for Senators Homer Ferguson and Forrest Donnell, crime "experts" on the Judiciary Committee, tried to grab the ball and run off with it. In the compromise which followed, Vice President Alben Barkley played a prominent part and it was rumored —but never confirmed—that Kefauver won out as a result of a package deal in which he promised not to commit lèse-majesté on President Truman.

A special committee was appointed with Kefauver as its chairman. Immediately he forgot that in his book on the Congress he had scored "headline-making probes" which brought forth nothing new in the way of evidence; also that he had said, "Congress has its share of crackpots, cheap publicity-seekers, shirkers and chiselers." Television, radio and the press were all extensively employed to make the Kefauver Committee the biggest touring attraction of the year—in convenient disregard of the Senator's own demands, in the *American* magazine of April 18, 1948, for elimination of these "congressional vaudeville shows." He referred specifically to "useless and expensive junketing" at the very time when his own "eager advance men, publicity and booking agents rode from town to town arranging for headlines and broadcasting time," according to a report in one national magazine.

His performance was superb. His sober emceeship contrasted favorably with Republican Senator Charles Tobey's outraged fulminations. He enhanced the picture of himself as the Scourge of Crime. He had crumpled Crump, collared Costello, clobbered the killers and crushed the cliques. But many political realists believe that by so doing he had also cost himself the Presidential nomination.

They hold that in his anxiety to make good with the common folk, who were his major prop, he trod on too many toes in the Democratic Party. He even charged the Administration with laxness in cleaning up the scandals then coming to light. Another major blunder occurred in Illinois when the publication of leaked secret testimony from a Kefauver Committee hearing resulted in the defeat at the polls of a Cook County official. But in the resulting intra-party fracas, Senate Majority Leader Scott Lucas was also licked on his bid for re-election. Kefauver hastened to apologize for the leak, but the damage had been done and more powerful Democratic leaders joined the anti-Kefauver bandwagon, which, by then, was picking up steam.

Unanswered Accusations

In 1953, still musing bitterly over his Chicago Convention defeat, Kefauver wrote, "I had aroused the implacable enmity of certain politicians including some defeated hacks and various yeomen who were taking orders implicitly from the outgoing Truman Administration." And later, in *Collier's*: "There were those who were angry with me because . . . I carried out my sworn obligation to uncover facts where I found them, without regard for party politics. . . . So far as we were concerned, a Democratic crook was as bad as a Republican crook." Florabelle Muir, the Los Angeles columnist, put it more succinctly. Senator Kefauver, she remarked, had discovered that crime does not pay.

This was the crusading face Kefauver managed to put over for public consumption. But certain serious charges against his Senate investigating committee remain unanswered by Kefauver to this day although two, at least, are five years old. One was the accusation that he kept hands off the corrupt Democratic political machine in Maryland which backed Senator O'Conor in return for O'Conor's promise of "good conduct." The second, that he hired as committee counsel a certain Rudolph Halley who has been publicly accused of acting as counsel for a company largely owned by gangsters.

But the popular triumph which Kefauver recorded in his jousts against the ungodly cannot be gainsaid.

After winning re-election to the Senate in a successful primary run against Democratic Representative Pat Sutton in 1954, Kefauver cast about for new ways to bring himself back before the public eye, always a between-elections problem for potential Presidential candidates. He came up with a sure-fire variation on the tried and trusted theme of investigations. This time, he charged that sex and violence in Hollywood movies encouraged juvenile delinquency, and betook himself to the cinema capital in June 1955, for an on-the-spot investigation of movies such as *The Blackboard Jungle*. "The Senator, who won renown in a coonskin campaigning hat long before most people knew much about Hollywood's Davy Crockett, moseyed off on the trail of the pornographers," was *Time's* version of the story. The week-long probe provided verbal and visual pyrotechnics, but few, if any, concrete results.

Also in preparation for '56, Kefauver took that globe-girdling trip which any young internationalist who wants to succeed has been compelled to take since Wendell Willkie discovered that this is *One World*. On his return, he published his first foreign policy document, "My trip to Europe and Asia—a newsletter to my Constituents and Friends," which included such judgments as: "Tito is playing East against West . . . but in a showdown I think he will side with the West," and, "I think Nehru understands, and consequently disavows, Communism and Communist leadership," and again, "I do not know whether the intentions of the Soviet in the Geneva spirit are sincere or permanent."

Kefauver was now ready for the Big Battle.

It remains to be seen whether he will emerge as a serious contender with a responsible political philosophy or whether he will continue to peddle the same pap he has so far fed to the nation. Senator Kefauver's political ideology will be discussed in detail in the next article.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The flare-up over the U.S. guided missile program provides the most authoritative clue yet to prevailing strategic concepts in the National Security Council. The foes of Mr. Trevor Gardner (proponent of a "crash" missile program and, consequently, *ex*-Assistant Air Force Secretary for Research and Development) have clearly won the day; but Mr. Gardner, in departing, kicked up just enough of a rumpus to give the American people an alarming glimpse of some of the assumptions their government makes, as it squares off to the major problem of our time.

The day before Mr. Gardner's resignation, this correspondent and a State Department official passed a social hour trading guesses about the National Security Council's current estimate of Soviet intentions in the event the Kremlin should see no way to achieve its objectives short of war. The realistic possibilities, we agreed, were three:

1) The National Security Council assumes that in a do-or-die situation a Soviet decision for war is inevitable, in which case the Council is undoubtedly planning offensive operations against the day popular support can be won for the idea of preventive war; 2) the Council assumes that the Soviet *may* opt for war and adopts this possibility as one of its working hypotheses, in which case it is, *inter alia*, making plans for us to get there, if not "fustest," at least with "the mostest"; 3) the Council assumes the Soviet will *not* resort to all-out war, given our current stockpile of nuclear weapons, in which case it eliminates that possibility as one of its working hypotheses and concentrates its strategic brains on plans for winning diplomatic encounters, and — if they can't be avoided — limited wars.

My friend placed his bets on the second assumption; I liked No. 3. As I say, it was only a parlor game, since neither of us has more information on the subject than a congressman.

Next day at his weekly press conference President Eisenhower intervened, and, so it seems, settled the matter. As the President waded into the subject of guided missiles, he was plainly at home, and evidently anxious to convey a faithful account of the most intimate thoughts of his National Security Council.

As we take up the statement, he is answering a question about the intensity of U.S. guided-missile research with a question of his own:

> Now, I just want to ask you one thing, and if there is anyone here that has got the answer to this one, you will relieve me mightily by communicating it to me here or in private: Can you picture a war that would be waged with atomic missiles, well knowing that atomic missiles can be of little value unless they have a tremendous, tremendously powerful, explosive head on them? In other words, they cannot be as accurate as shooting a gun or dropping a bomb from a plane; consequently you must visualize these things in such numbers and using a kind of ammunition that means just complete devastation. Moreover, if one side can do it, the other side can do the same thing by one means or another because, let me—we know that today we have means, and so do other nations of delivering these bombs in such a way that they cannot be 100 per cent effectively intercepted. So you are bound to have this ruin, no matter what happens.
>
> *Now, to suddenly stop everything else, and just to do this, you are working toward a theory that, to my mind, leaves no longer war, because war is a contest, and you finally get to a point where you are talking merely about race suicide, and nothing else.*
>
> That does not mean you should be complacent. I think we have proved we are not complacent in the amount of money we have put into it, and the positive orders that have been issued several times that the guided missile program has priority over any other in the Defense Department; because if we find that this is a cheaper, better way of doing anything than we have now, more accurate, well then that is fine. But as of now this thing is being researched and developed as rapidly as it can be done in this country, . . .
>
> There are various kinds of missiles, and in certain fields I am sure we are well ahead of the other side. In certain fields I think they are probably ahead of us. But those are limited fields in a great big field. I think over-all, we have no reason to believe that we are not doing everything that human science and brains and resources can do. . . .

Mr. Eisenhower, here, sheds considerable light on three questions:

First: Is the U.S., as a number of congressmen and columnists have asserted, lagging behind the Soviet Union in guided missile development? The President's answer is, yes — in some fields; and some of the fields in which we are behind (Mr. Eisenhower implies, by failing to register a specific denial) are vitally important. Indeed, the presumption is that one of these "fields" is the middle-range (1,500-mile) air- or ship-to-ground missile, over which Senators Symington, Jackson and McCarthy expressed concern after learning of intelligence reports of successful Soviet experiments. (The middle-range missile can presumably be launched by plane or submarine from mid-ocean, far beyond effective radar detection range, and can travel at such speeds — approximately 24 miles per second — as to make interception by current U.S. defensive weapons all but impossible.)

Second: Is the U.S. doing, or prepared to do, everything possible (literally) to close the gap in the fields where we are behind? No, the President concedes, the U.S. is not. True, he twice asserts that we are doing all we can do — but he does so only after having established a limiting context that makes it impossible to take his statements at face value. Specifically, he reveals that his Administration has rejected the suggestion "to suddenly stop everything else, and just . . . do this"—i.e. (and translated realistically), it has refused to adopt a "crash" program *à la* Manhattan Project, as recommended by Mr. Gardner and others.

Third: Then why is the U.S. holding back? In answering this question, the President comes out and says world-shaking things that his Administration has only hinted at before. To begin with, let us note three explanations that the President, pointedly, does *not* fall back on. He does not say that a "crash" program would be be-

(*Continued on p. 20*)

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Eurafrica or Africasia?

The West, says the author, can defeat the East—and the USSR—in Africa only through a vast plan for development of its resources and markets

J. DERVIN

The difficulties of France in North Africa are, as I tried to show in a recent article,[1] only one aspect of the contemporary war for all Africa. Once more the West has lost a round; but fortunately the struggle—which is more than a cold war—is only in its initial phase.

Before examining this fight for Africa, let us consider the basic problem. Europe, which in Africa possesses enormous protectorates and colonies with widely varying political regimes, has never shown much interest in selling its products on the African market. The Asiatics, on the other hand, especially the Japanese and the Indians, have been very active there. The Europeans regarded Africa as primarily a source of raw materials and foodstuffs: Egyptian cotton; North African cereals; copper, uranium and coffee, rubber, etc. Their policy has been shortsighted; they have given hardly a thought to raising the economic and social level of their colonies. Their chief concern has been to keep the price of raw materials as low as possible without incurring political difficulties. The U.S. first denounced the abuses inherent in the methods of certain colonial powers, and the Russians are now taking the political credit (witness Bulganin's speeches during his recent Indian visit). I shall return to this subject, but it may be noted here that the Russians maintain a modest silence about their own colonial regime in their satellite states.

Before World War Two, Africa was of little strategic interest to Europe, apart from a few naval bases. It was too remote for bases for the planes of that time, and was easily dominated politically. In ten years the situation has radically changed. The United States has hastened to build air bases in North Africa and elsewhere (not to mention broadcasting stations designed to reach the Balkans and the Middle East), and certain European nations—notably the English, Belgians and French—have created strategic reserve bases. Now the USSR is trying to get a military foothold in Liberia—an attempt which, it is to be hoped, will be frustrated.

If industrial Europe was indifferent to the African market, that was because its traditional markets were Eastern Europe, the Far East and South America. But after World War Two it found itself in a wholly new situation. The East European market was almost entirely closed to it by the Russians. Europe was almost completely eliminated from a China taken over by Communism. As for South America, its nations were in financial and political troubles and were attempting to develop their own industries. Moreover, the U.S. had assumed a preponderant position there, which often excluded European competition.

The war in Korea and Indo-China, and the ensuing armament race, provided European industry with exceptional outlets. On the internal market, military orders, the needs of reconstruction, naval construction, transportation, made heavy demands on basic industries such as coal mining, production of steel and nonferrous metals, mechanical industries; and in the end all industries producing consumers' goods profited from the resultant prosperity. On foreign markets, Europe was able to sell its goods in the U.S., which lacked certain raw materials and products, and in some South American markets, which the U.S. was momentarily unable to supply.

But the basic structure of the European economy is undermined, and the symptoms can be discerned in numerous industries. A small slump or a mere letdown due, for instance, to temporary failure of demand, will suffice to precipitate a serious crisis which will drain the pockets of the American taxpayers. For the gap to be filled will be enormous, and it must be filled if Europe is not to be delivered to the Communists.

Europe's Dilemma

It has therefore become urgently necessary that Europe develop the African market, whose 200 million customers can, in the future, replace its lost outlets.

The problem, it must be said, is vast. It involves educating millions of individuals, studying the resources of huge territories, creating means of communication and sources of energy, establishing industries. To accomplish all this speedily enough would require scientists, educators, technical forces and means, and enormous sums of money. But a Europe in constant turmoil, with its states torn by internal conflict or incapable of forming efficient governments, can not find the necessary means for such a task. Only by forgetting its quarrels and mobilizing all its resources, exactly as in time of war, could a united Europe, embracing both the colonial and non-colonial powers—Great Britain included — succeed in doing such an immense job. Of that, alas, there is no present prospect. The colonial countries are aware of the problem but don't know how to tackle it. Belgium, for example, which has made great efforts and achieved results in the Congo, is far from able to do the whole job. France can not find even the necessary means to develop Algeria, where unemployment is agonizing and dangerous (for unemployment feeds sedition and rebellion); how, then, can she be expected to find the means to develop the whole of her vast colonial empire?

She has made ambitious plans to exploit the Sahara, where exploration has indicated considerable sources of wealth, and has even considered ac-

[1] "Can France Hold North Africa?" NATIONAL REVIEW, Dec. 14, 1955.

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cepting the cooperation of German, Belgian and Italian interests. But these projects are still far from realization. As much can be said for the other colonial powers which, among them, control nearly all Africa but lack the wherewithal for adequate development of their possessions.

In any case, before discussing possible Eurafrican solutions of the African problem—that is, in conformity with the political and economic interests of the Western world— let us look at the development of the Eastern offensive, designed to achieve an African-Asiatic continent in the march toward world domination.

Eastern Pincers Movement

If we examine the map of Africa we shall see that the Eastern world is executing a vast pincers movement. The first thrust of the attack is led by the Arab League, based on Cairo and powerfully supported by the USSR. This move is directed northwest, towards French and Spanish North Africa.

Tunisia has already attained a large degree of independence and undoubtedly will completely free itself from French tutelage before long. In Algeria the rumblings of revolt have become so grave that the Algerian question dominates French politics. Finally, in Morocco, France has lost prestige after having exiled the Sultan and later been obliged to reinstate him with full honors. She is attempting to save what remains, with the help of Spain which is alarmed by the prospect of losing its Moroccan zone; but Moroccan independence is inevitable and imminent. In short, Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia threaten to become part of the Arab League, with Cairo as capital.

Now Egypt, of which England and later the U. S. were so sure, relying on their economic power—Egypt is lending a friendly ear to offers of military and economic aid from the Soviet bloc, and appears ready to haggle in the best Oriental tradition. The U.S. is at present deeply preoccupied with Communist penetration of the Middle East; but it must be remembered that this question is closely linked with penetration in Africa—a fact which should guide all policy with relation to the Arab states.

The other pincer of the Eastern offensive is moving toward Southeast Africa. It is led by the Indians, whose attempts to penetrate that part of the African continent began long ago. Nehru's visit to Moscow, followed by that of Bulganin and Khrushchev to India where they proclaimed their anti-colonial faith (louder than the U.S. ever did)—this exchange of visits seems to have strengthened the position of India, which in return for Soviet support in Africa will serve as a counterweight to the Chinese bloc whose expansion the USSR fears.

This Indian penetration is taking place mainly in the Union of South Africa, Rhodesia, Portuguese Mozambique, Tanganyika, and even in Somaliland and Ethiopia. It must be borne in mind that the countries directly menaced represent about 70 million souls— that is, a third of the African population. But that is not all. Those who know Africa know also that the Communists are everywhere: in the international zone of Tangier; in all French Africa (North Africa, West and Equatorial Africa, the Sudan, Togoland, Madagascar), where they are legally organized; in the Belgian Congo (where the authorities are striving to fight them effectively); in South Africa (where they miss no opportunity to profit by racial conflicts); in Kenya (the Mau Mau rebellion); in the former Anglo-Egyptian, independent Sudan; in Liberia, to which the USSR has just offered economic aid. The recent anti-colonial speeches of Khrushchev in India and before the Supreme Soviet presage an intensified Communist activity all over Africa.

The situation is extremely serious for the Western world. For Africa is strategically indispensable to the West as a source of raw materials, some of them vital (uranium, copper, industrial diamonds); as a military base; and as an economic and political frontier.

In offering economic and even military assistance to several countries, the USSR has deprived the U.S. of powerful weapons. The Arab states and India understand this well, and are attempting to gain the maximum possible advantage by playing the two great powers against one another. Not that American economic aid has lost its usefulness; it would be dangerous to reduce it, as certain American leaders propose. On the contrary it should be considerably increased but applied with greater discernment. Above all, it should be directed toward underdeveloped countries capable of strengthening the Western camp and ready to provide the necessary guarantees that they will in fact do so.

The U. S. should realize that it is not to its own advantage to create difficulties for European countries by competing with the USSR in anti-colonialism—as it has unknowingly done, for example, in French Morocco. In 1942, in the very midst of the war, President Roosevelt promised Morocco its independence, thereby giving rein to a subversive movement which now threatens to eliminate from that country not only French influence but also the precious American air and naval bases. On the other hand, this should not be taken to mean that the U.S. should encourage the colonial powers to exploit or to reserve to themselves exclusively the peoples they protect.

It is indispensable that the U.S., as leader of the Western camp, join with the European powers in devising a bold plan for the economic and social development of Africa. It is a matter for broad and far-seeing vision. The U.S. should not hesitate to make considerable outlays—on condition that its European partners put in proportional amounts. There is no doubt that in the end all the associates would profit handsomely on their investment, apart from the defeat their action would mean for the Eastern world, which at present is far from able to make a comparable effort.

It is urgent to begin now, in a time of prosperity and calm—not in a moment of grave economic and political difficulties. But the U.S. should at all costs avoid giving the impression (as during the years immediately following World War Two, in French Morocco, Iran and Indonesia) that it is trying to supplant its European allies. That would make enemies and create in the Western camp dissension from which only the Communists would profit.

The U.S. should, therefore, clearly define its objectives and convince its friends that it is acting in the common interest. This will require great skill, diplomacy and perseverance — not only in dealing with other nations but in convincing the American public that the undertaking is important and the sacrifices it will require wholly justified.

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Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

Boring but Slightly Sensational

Several weeks ago (in issue No. 8, January 11, 1956) we aired our apprehension "that the recent (8.5 per cent) 'reduction' of the Soviet Union's military budget will be submitted as evidence that things are getting better." But, we added, "the Soviets are free to manipulate their statistics any way they want. . . . And the military budget, proper, is still higher than it was in 1954." Our apprehension was, unfortunately, correct. The alleged reduction of the Soviets' military budget has been mentioned since, several times, by disturbingly high-placed spokesmen of Western statesmanship as triumphal proof of happy prospects. And just as correct was our suspicion that the statistics were manipulated.

We can now prove, in fact, that the Soviets' military budget for 1956 is no less than 18 per cent *higher* than that for 1955. But before we present our evidence we must say a word or two about our wayward State Department. Its moral position is bad enough as is—what with the Department's senior officers constantly overruled by the co-existentialist Pollyannas in the White House. One would therefore assume that the Department's abused career men would greedily grab small favors of good fortune and, by the unobjectionable practice of analyzing facts and figures, occasionally prove that all is not fog in Foggy Bottom. But one would assume wrong. They don't do any such thing there—and they certainly did not expose the transparent fraud of Soviet Russia's new "disarmament" budget. But we like to think that the Department will at least circulate an analysis which (as the U.S. Department of State was derelict in its duties) free-lance journalists were compelled to supply.

Comrade's Slip of the Tongue

The Soviet Union's budget for 1956 must be studied in closest relation to the explanatory speech which the Soviet Finance Commissar, Sverev, delivered to the plenary session of the Supreme Soviet, last December. The preceding budget for 1955, said Sverev proudly, had been fulfilled at a commendably precise rate of 100.2 per cent in income and 100.9 per cent in expenditures. And Sverev (committing a clumsy oversight for which he may now be punished) added the *absolute* figures: 561.5 billion rubles income, and 537.8 billion rubles expenditures, in 1955.

This slip of the tongue gave away the whole swindle. There still exists, of course, the official wording of the Soviet budget for 1955: the income and expenditures for 1955, as anticipated in the official budget, were 590.2 and 563.5 billion rubles respectively. But, said the proud Sverev, the actual income was 100.2 per cent (561.5 billion rubles) and the actual expenditures were 100.9 per cent (537.8 billion rubles) of the anticipated figures.

Now, as even our Department of State can see, 561.5 billion rubles are *not* 100.2 per cent of 590.2 billion rubles. (And 537.8 billion rubles *not* 100.9 per cent of 563.5 billion rubles.) Commissar Sverev, therefore, must have either lied or betrayed a secret. And a small feat of recollection made clear that the latter was the case.

How Much Is a Ruble?

In July 1955, six months *after* the Soviet budget for 1955 was passed, the Kremlin decreed a reduction of prices in heavy industry and in transportation (but only transportation of products and supplies of heavy industry). In other words, the Soviet Government (the only customer of Russia's heavy industry) created for itself prices different from those Soviet citizens have to pay. And, due to this manipulation, the purchasing power of the ruble has been increased: the ruble of December 31, 1955, could buy what was available for *1.12 rubles* on December 31, 1954 (when the 1955 budget became law).

But the Soviet Union, the most bureaucratized society in human history, is not satisfied with a single currency within its borders. Every class and caste in this "classless" country is safely separated from all others by the diversified value of its cash income. There are, in other words, scores of different rubles in the Soviet Union; and the statement that 1.12 rubles of December 31, 1954, equaled 1 ruble of December 31, 1955, is a merely statistical truth. Investigations too complicated to be pursued in this context produce the unequivocal fact that, *in the special case of military expenditures,* one ruble of December 31, 1955, equals 1.20 rubles of a year before.

The Decisive Equation

And this is the decisive equation in Commissar Sverev's disclosures: 1.20 equals 1. The military expenditures of the Soviet Union for 1956, so adjusted, are *not* 102 billion rubles (in purchasing power of the year before) but *122 billion rubles.* Or, to compare the *admitted* military expenditures of the Soviet Union in 1956 with those of 1955, the Soviet Union is going to spend on its military establishment 18 per cent *more* than it did last year.

And this does not even take into account the most rewarding statistical trick in hiding the Soviet's military expenditures—the mysterious catch-all of "heavy industries." Heavy industries, in Soviet terms, are naturally first of all *armament* industries; and a government that has no opposition to answer to can, of course, switch *any* straight military expenditure to an armament account.

So, if only to signify the elbowroom for Soviet statistical maneuvers, be it noted that, in adjusted purchasing power, the Soviet expenditures on "heavy industries" have *grown* from 164 billion rubles in 1955 to 186 billion rubles in 1956. And straight military expenditures, plus those for "heavy industries," grew from 276 to 308 billion rubles— from 30.4 per cent to 32.6 per cent of the total budget.

All this, of course, this country and the world should have been told by the U.S. Department of State; and its research staff is big enough to have unearthed the revealing story in, say, six days. It took us six weeks to get the facts and analyze the figures. And, we are afraid, it will take the Department of State six months to spread the news through its clogged-up channels.

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Letter from London

F. A. VOIGT

Is there a religious revival in England? I have often been asked if there is; and I have more often been told that there is. I have even been told that the revival is "terrific."

In the course of some enquiry into this matter I have discovered nothing "terrific." I do not even know whether there is a revival or not. No one knows how many Christians there are in England. (And by Christians I mean all those who believe in the incarnation, the resurrection and the redemption.)

At any rate, it is said that Christians number about one in ten in Great Britain. Perhaps the proportion is a little higher in Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland, but it may be roughly true for England. It is also said that attendance in church or chapel has increased a little during the last few years. I believe this to be true among the middle class, especially among the younger generation.

We still find much piety among the working class, especially in Wales (although Welsh miners no longer discuss theology as they did a generation ago), but mental aridity is spreading among industrial workers together with an indifference toward religion as toward something that is really beneath the notice of any thinking person.

The churches — especially the Church of England — tend to blame themselves for this estrangement. No doubt they are in some measure right, but the estrangement has been part of a broad flow which the churches could not conceivably have stopped altogether. The flow was canalized by "rationalists" like Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, Haecker, Foote and others, before World War One (and by popular writers like H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell). It swelled into congregations of a different order—the congregations of those who turned to the secular religions of our time, socialism in its various forms and, on the continent, nationalism.

Today, even the word "rationalism" is passing out of the language. Wells is read just for his novels; Shaw is still appreciated as a minor playwright whose notions on politics and religion have lost what little relevance they ever had; Bertrand Russell is recognized as a competent professional mathematician and philosopher but a shallow sophist outside his special field; Julian Huxley retains a certain repute as a biologist and no more. To the younger generation these writers are men of no general significance.

The debate, Religion *versus* Science, which made such great stir toward the end of the last century, had a brief revival after the last war. By now it has been silenced by its own irrelevance and unreality. Belief in science as a means of salvation has receded (partly through fear of science as a means of destruction). The study of religion—and of the Bible in particular—has become more scientific and has tended to confirm, rather than confute, the Bible's relevance and veracity.

Since the war there has been a revival of interest in religion (which may not be at all the same thing as a religious revival). According to the *Bookseller*, about twenty thousand titles were published last year. Of these, nearly four thousand were works of fiction (a considerable decrease on the figure for 1954). Nearly two thousand were children's books (a slight decrease), nearly two thousand were educational (a slight increase), and more than one thousand classified as "religion and theology" (a slight increase). The remaining categories—"technical handbooks," "poetry and drama," "politics," "trade, commerce and industry," "biography" and so on—fell short of the figure for "religion and theology."

There is a steady and, it would seem, increasing production of books that combine true piety with severely critical scholarship. These books are almost entirely free from polemics and zealotry. Some are concerned with the history of the church. (T. M. Parker's *Christianity and the State in the Light of History*, a minor masterpiece, is an outstanding example.) There are numerous commentaries on the separate books of the Bible among which the Gospel According to St. John remains the particular object of wonder and fascination. Many are concerned with the "rediscovery" (as it is called) of the Bible and with the early (no longer called "primitive") Church.

Bible-reading declined steeply before the first war and, it would seem, between the wars. Today it is reviving. Those who were brought up on the Authorized Version will always prefer it to any other, but its language has grown unfamiliar to a new generation. Many words changed their meaning. The English language is losing character, structure, resonance. The modern ear is not attuned to the sonorous majesty of the English of the Authorized Version, and it no longer catches the infinite tenderness of the overtones. Recent translations have, as it were, opened the Bible afresh. J. B. Phillips' fluent and yet accurate and scholarly translations of the books of the New Testament have had a total sale of about half a million. His rendering of the *Epistles*, which appeared recently under the title of *Letters to Young Churches*, had a sale of more than 132,000—and the *Epistles* are not light or easy reading. His rendering of the *Acts of the Apostles* has just appeared under the title of *The Young Church in Action;* and more than 30,000 copies were ordered in advance of publication.

There is a strange foreboding, which is unrelated to politics or to the menace of Communism, that a time of persecution lies ahead. In common with so much of the deeper religious life of England, this foreboding is strongest in the flock and among the humbler clergy. I do not know whether persecution is in store for us or not. But I am sure of one thing: that, if persecution comes to England, the Church will find men and women and young people in every village who will defend her with their lives if necessary—not cheerfully, or with any sense of martyrdom, but as a matter of course, as though it could never occur to them to do anything else.

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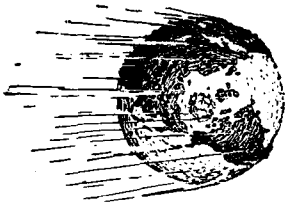

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

No Anti-Communism Allowed

Our allies, our Liberals and our State Department officers frequently explain to us the errors of hard anti-Communism. Hard anti-Communism (we are told) is fanaticism. Direct anti-Communism would be displeastive. It plays into Communist hands by offending sincere pro-Communists and repelling the confused souls of the center. And so on.

These injunctions are also honored in the performance. Generally speaking, official circles here as in Europe don't have much truck with firm anti-Communism or anti-Communists. For Ambassador to Moscow Charles Bohlen is preferred to Loy Henderson because Henderson's frank record of anti-Communism would be displeasing to the Russian Communists. Robert Bowie, with no record one way or the other, is ideal to run the Policy Planning staff. Chester Bowles and Sherman Cooper, loaded with goodwilled abstractions, are the men to soothe Nehru. The tone of an international conference must be friendly, with praise for the Communists' peaceful intentions. Even the messages so ingeniously ballooned behind the Iron Curtain must be politely phrased.

A French Lesson

Although Communism is the decisive issue for France—not for a vague future but directly and now—no French party in the January election made anti-Communism an element of its electoral campaign. The French economy is at its most prosperous level in history, with a rate of increase in national income during the past decade that is higher than ours. The standard of living of the entire population, including the workers, has substantially improved. A number of promising labor contracts have recently been signed (as at Renault and Citroën). The Indochinese and North African affairs have plainly shown the Communist Party to be Soviet, not French.

In spite of these favoring circumstances, none of the non-Communist parties, not even the Poujadists, attempted to make any inroads on the Communist voters, most of whom are of course not Communists. They conceded the Communists a quarter of the electorate, and fought among themselves for the remainder.

The only exception was the Socialist Party, and it only in some localities of the Nord and Pas de Calais departments. There the Socialists attacked the Communists sharply—and successfully. In both departments the Socialists made significant gains.

But in general, the parties not only avoided anti-Communist propaganda but refused to agree on non-Communist coalition tickets which, because of the large number of French parties and the peculiarities of the election rules, are essential to electoral success.

The result was that the Communists, with a popular vote about the same as in 1951, increased their Assembly seats by two-thirds: from 93 in the 1951 Assembly to a paralyzing 150 now.

It is mathematically certain that combined anti-Communist tickets — which would have been the practical consequence of an anti-Communist attitude — would have prevented this disastrous outcome. And it is politically certain — confirmed moreover by the experiences in Nord and Pas de Calais — that anti-Communist campaigning would have reduced substantially the Communist popular vote.

This conclusion is strengthened by the evidence of the 1951 campaign. In 1946, 177 Communist and Communist-controlled deputies had been elected. Most of the non-Communist parties, rightly alarmed by the control of France's destinies thereby held in Communist hands, shelved their own quarrels, formed an electoral alliance against the Communists, and carried on an anti-Communist campaign.

In 1951 the French internal situation was more favorable to the Communists than today: the economy was in worse shape, the *mystique* of the Resistance lingered on, the Communists had not yet clearly exposed their traitorous attitude. The campaign of the non-Communist parties, though far from a model of vigorous anti-Communism, was enough to cut the Communist Assembly representation in half (177 to 93) and to reduce the Communist popular vote by about 12 per cent.

Again, the Home Front

Last week I explained how the present Popular Front tactic, applied to the United States, leads to the attempt to work with and through the Democratic Party. Three days after I wrote that analysis, the *Daily Worker* published a basic directive on this point, signed by Alan Max, a leading member of the apparatus.

Max notes that the *Nation* and the *New Republic* are arguing over personalities: the *Nation* suggesting that if Stevenson is not nominated by the Democrats, support of Eisenhower or Warren might be called for; the *New Republic* holding out for Stevenson against any Republican.

Comrade Max approves of the *New Republic's* decision, but rejects its reasoning: "All this is well said. Matters are simple for the *New Republic* —perhaps too simple. 'Men who believe in Stevenson's ideas rally to Stevenson; those who believe in Eisenhower's Republicanism rally to Eisenhower'." But, Max insists, there is really little difference between Steveson and Eisenhower.

He goes on to give the Marxian basis for determining the appropriate tactic.

> "If one examines candidates primarily as individuals, it is easy to go astray. What needs to be examined in my opinion [i.e., in Moscow's opinion], is the question of around which Party and which candidate a movement of labor and others is developing and can be propelled forward. In the absence of a labor-led third party, it is around a Democratic candidate, whoever it will be, that such a movement will develop. . . . The future for the American people lies in moving forwards and away from the Democratic Party, not backwards and toward the Republican Party."

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South Carolina

State Will Offer Formidable Opposition to Liberals at Democratic National Convention

SAM M. JONES

Four days after the Democratic National Convention adjourned in 1948 from its labor of nominating Harry Truman, a Democratic opposition leaped fully armed from the grass roots. On July 17, at a convention in Birmingham, Alabama, 6,000 rebellious Southern Democrats organized the States Rights Party in opposition to the regular Democratic ticket, naming Governor James Strom Thurmond of South Carolina as its Presidential nominee. Governor Thurmond, with no national organization, without financial support, without a prayer in the political lexicon, took 39 electoral votes away from Mr. Truman.

This was the fruit of the little rebellion. The Southern Democratic Party, saddled, cinched, and spurred by New Deal Democrats, bucked. It didn't throw the ruling element. Mr. Truman, with an assist from Mr. Dewey who was engaged in water-walking without water-wings, won the election. Everybody forgot about the States Rights Party, the "Dixiecrats," the revolt in the deep South. It was dead and done with. Or so it seemed.

Judicial Usurpation

But in 1952 the South gave a none too subtle indication of its continuing state of rebellion. Guilt by association with Harry Truman made Adlai Stevenson one of the most unpopular individuals since General Sherman. Yet — and this is important — there wasn't any vital issue. Nothing that could be reduced to a simple question of black or white.

Today there is. The South is ready. There is a state. There is a man. The South will no more accept "integration" than the nation accepted prohibition. South Carolina and Strom Thurmond are the white plumes of Navarre.

Speaking before the Virginia State Bar Association, Senator Thurmond quoted the Tenth Amendment: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Although this amendment did not, of itself, add power to the states, or to the federal government, said Thurmond, "the Tenth Amendment did make clear the intent of the framers of the Constitution and the understanding of the states in ratifying the Constitution and the Bill of Rights."

Senator Thurmond added: "I have no argument with that conception of the power of the Congress. My contention is that legislative power, not granted even to the Congress, by the Constitution or by statute, has been assumed by the Judiciary. By assumption of such power, the Supreme Court has not only seized power granted the Legislative Branch alone, but the Court has also invaded the specifically reserved rights of the states."

Full-Scale Rebellion

As a political reporter who has covered the South in every election since 1928, there is no question in my mind that a full-scale rebellion is under way on two issues: integration; and the leadership of the Democratic Party. Southerners will not accept the edict that the races *must* mix, in schools or elsewhere. And it won't be shoved down their throats, even with federal bayonets. I'm not trying to sell papers with sensational statements. But I would default as a reporter if I failed to emphasize the critical seriousness of the race-relations issue. The Cassandra role is not a happy one; I should be glad to be proved wrong. But I have no alternative than to voice the conviction that any attempt to enforce integration in Southern states will produce a catastrophic explosion.

On the business of Democratic leadership, the South has been disfranchised. Adlai Stevenson, the spiritual heir of Harry Truman, is despised. Senator Kefauver is considered a carpetbagger. Averell Harriman is remembered as a team-mate of Dean Acheson and Philip Jessup. What a choice!

In historic combination, Virginia and South Carolina have always represented the individualism and the integrity of the South. They do today. They are the cavaliers, the aristocrats, who command the allegiance of their sister states even in a time when the world has gone Roundhead. They may not win, but they will interpose a formidable opposition to the orthodoxy of the Supreme Court and to the Stevenson-Kefauver-Harriman Democracy.

Virginia and South Carolina will send uninstructed delegations to the Democratic National Convention. Senator Byrd, Governor Byrnes and Senator Thurmond will provide the direction. If the Convention nominates a Liberal, there is every reason to believe that the States' Rights movement will be reactivated immediately.

Latter-Day Patrick Henry

It should be recalled that Senator Thurmond was elected on a write-in vote. It couldn't happen, but it did. His name wasn't on the ballot. The citizens had to spell out "J. Strom Thurmond" and the opposition was alert to throw out ballots on technical deficiencies. Mr. Thurmond got 63 per cent of the vote—a landslide. Maybe there are some explanations. When he was Governor, the legislature raised the salary of the state's chief executive from $7,500 to $12,000. Mr. Thurmond didn't think he was entitled to the increase and refused to accept it. When he was elected to the Senate, Mr. Thurmond resigned and retired from the successful law firm in Aiken in which he was a senior member, Mr. Thurmond has no backlog of inherited wealth, no security other than his own ability.

Here's your soft-spoken Patrick Henry with a deadly sincerity, and the eloquence to inspire it in his Southern compatriots. Maybe I'm wrong, but that is the way it looks to me. Remember, four years ago it only took four days . . .

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Can Anyone Strike Back?

ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN

A recent analysis of U.S. military maneuvers in twelve Southern states made by *U.S. News and World Report* comes to this ominous conclusion: "The side in the next war that waits for the enemy to strike the first blow before retaliating may very well face defeat in the few hours or minutes before its own power can be brought to bear." The casual observer, reading this statement, will be considerably upset by it, but will probably remark that "after all we can strike the first blow."

Difficult as this reaction is to understand, especially in view of Communist attacks in Greece in 1944 and 1947, the Czech coup d' état, the Berlin blockade, and aggression in the Far East (involving 150,000 American casualties), it is, unhappily, a widely shared point of view.

The question which Americans should ask themselves is not, "Will there be another war?", but rather, "Who will win this war?" As early as 1946, James Burnham, in his incisive book *The Struggle for the World,* pointed out that "The D-day of World War III is an event not of the future, but of the past." World War Three began in December 1944 when the International Communist movement launched its attack in Greece. At that time Communism controlled 170 million persons and 15 million square miles of territory. Obviously Communism, led by the USSR, is winning World War Three.

Despite dramatic defeats in East Central Europe, China, Korea, Tibet and North Vietnam, many persons in the Free World still refuse to recognize that the war has started. The Communists delight in this frame of mind. So long as the Free World persists in thinking this way, the Communists can dissuade it from launching effective counterattacks by labelling such moves "preventive war." The answer to this, of course, is that there can be no such thing as preventive war once the war has started.

In their thinking about warfare, modern totalitarians are much more progressive and realistic than the democracies. Hitler, Stalin and their successors recognized that the concept of warfare includes not only traditional "hot war," but also "cold war" and all its concomitants—guerrilla fighting, sabotage, espionage, economic warfare, infiltration, diplomatic infighting, deception, etc. On the other hand, the democracies, to their inestimable disadvantage, still look upon war as being solely and exclusively "hot war," with formal declarations and the breaking off of diplomatic relations. Even during the hot war in Korea, the United States refused to allow its chief negotiator, Admiral C. Turner Joy, to object to the USSR as a "neutral" truce observer on the obvious ground that the USSR had instigated the Communist attack in Korea and had trained, supplied and equipped these Communist forces. To this extent we refused to look upon the capital of world Communism as the enemy—much less act on a recognition of this fact.

Hard Military Facts

Since it is a fact that World War Three is already under way, the United States and its allies should not be deterred from effective counterattacks running the gamut of the wide spectrum of war activities, properly understood. Recognition of this fact, and its propagation by governmental leaders, would do much to gain public support for a realistic facing of the facts of life in the world today, and support for those actions which are necessary if we are to stop losing World War Three, and ultimately win it. Implementation of the Sarnoff Plan, neglected since the "spirit of Geneva," would be the logical first step in this program. General Sarnoff's ideas, if carried out, might well set the stage for victory. The cost of victory may be great, but we cannot afford to lose. Surely the vast majority of Americans, when asked whether they wish to win or lose this war with international Communism, will reply that they wish to win it. And for most of us the Korean War, with its attendant damage to the United States in blood and treasure, is recollection enough of the imminence of the danger.

Sooner or later the diplomats will have to recognize that certain hard military facts must inescapably be taken into consideration in the formulation of foreign policy. These facts boil down to this: if the United States grants its enemy the privilege of striking first with airborne nuclear weapons, it may not have sufficient retaliatory power left to counterattack. Unless, therefore, we all look forward to defeat, and an eternity of hell in a Soviet America, we must completely revamp our outmoded and defeatist thinking relative to the Communist enemy. For assuming that he cannot destroy us by other methods, he will inevitably launch a military attack when the time is ripe.

The basic dilemma with which we are confronted is this: Can the United States afford in the future to take the first blow before attacking? In wars past blows have been absorbed, because previously we had sufficient time to recover from the first blow, and we had ample retaliatory power left with which to launch the counterattack and win ultimate victory. But now technological developments have made this impossible.

During the recent American military maneuvers in the Southern states, here is what happened: In the space of forty minutes, attackers using make-believe atomic bombs "knocked out" half of the entire U.S. striking force in the area, and "destroyed" 80 per cent of its known air bases. Seventeen minutes after the first warning, "aggressor" bombs began to rain down. Thirty-seven minutes later the attacking force had done all its damage. In real war, these few minutes would probably be disastrous to the ability of the U.S. to defend itself. When the attack was first detected on the war-game radar screens, there was no way of telling whether this was a feint or a full-fledged attack. Umpires held the defenders back until they were more certain. The delay made it too late to prevent massive destruction.

The basic problem of trying to determine the real intentions of a potential aggressor in a few critical minutes is complicated by other problems too, if the enemy is granted the luxury of

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the initial blow. First, enemy electronic jamming of U.S. communications could conceivably prevent the United States from getting effective advance warning of an approaching atomic attack. Second, U.S. defenses against low-flying planes travelling at high speeds are woefully inadequate. Third, no American military commander can order an atomic counterattack without obtaining the approval of the President of the United States. Delay in getting this approval might easily be compounded by a further delay caused by a breakdown in communications.

Attack from Soviet Bases

How close is the theoretical air attack carried out in the war games to a possible attack by actual Soviet bombers comparable to our B-52 jets? Such attackers would be coming from a distance of perhaps 5,000 miles, with a much better chance of being detected, and intercepted. However, areas such as Alaska, Japan, Korea, Formosa, Indo-China, American Middle East bases, and Western Europe could be suddenly attacked from bases relatively close to the targets. Furthermore, attacks on the U.S. itself from Soviet bases in Siberia would only have to cover a distance of 2,000 miles. Guided missiles and attacks from enemy submarines off our coasts would be even more dangerous. Even attacks on the American mainland, if carried out with supersonic speed as faster jet bombers become available, may come with the warning time drastically cut down and results equally disastrous to those indicated in the war games. Serious doubts are now being entertained in Air Force circles on the effectiveness of the much publicized Nike as a defense against attacks by a B-57 type enemy bomber.

There is growing agreement in military circles that the side that gets hit first in the next stage of World War Three may never get the chance to hit back. This inescapable military fact must be recognized and fully appreciated, with all its consequences, not only by the American people, but more especially by their political leaders. Unless we want total and permanent defeat at the hands of the USSR, we must make a 180-degree turn in our thinking and acting toward the Communist enemy.

(*Continued from p. 12*)

yond our means, even if other defense expenditures are kept at current levels. (Mr. Eisenhower understands, of course, that if missile parity with the Soviet Union were a matter of national life or death, and the American people were so advised, his Administration could afford to decrease rather than increase social security coverage, or to postpone highway construction, or even to raise taxes in an election year.)

Nor does he take the position that more money won't buy faster progress in missiles. While he observes — in a passage just preceding the one we've quoted — that research possibilities are finite ("there are only so many channels you can pursue" and "you shouldn't try to develop too many at once or you get in each other's way"), he deliberately avoids resting his case on the contention that Mr. Gardner's request for an additional $200,000,000 was turned down because the money could not be productively spent.

Nor, finally, does the President argue (though he might appear to at one point) that bomber-delivered nuclear weapons are as effective as guided missiles. He points out that, due to current limitations on accuracy which might cause a missile aimed, say, at New York City to miss and hit somewhere in New Jersey, the plane-delivered hydrogen bomb is as potent a weapon as any now available. But he does not, and could not, deny that once guidance mechanisms have been perfected, the state having a monopoly of an intercontinental ballistic missile that travels at sixteen times the speed of the fastest bomber would possess a decisive margin over its foe.

Mr. Eisenhower's explanation is wrapped up in his seemingly obsessive allusions to "this ruin," and "just complete devastation" and "race suicide." Like a colossus, the specter of nuclear warfare sits astride the deliberations of the National Security Council, and forbids American strategists to explore the area beyond. *Guided missile development is not a "crash" program because deliverable hydrogen bombs have already rendered all-out war unthinkable: "if one side can do it, the other side can do the same thing by one means or another . . . and you finally get to a point where you are talking merely about race suicide."* And since *nobody* contemplates precipitating race suicide, the need for superiority in missiles is not as compelling as it might seem at first glance.

The question that so preoccupies Mr. Eisenhower — someone else's answer to which would "relieve [him] mightily," and the asking of which is the necessary preoccupation of all moral men — never quite gets framed in the President's statement. But this is what he has in mind: "Can you picture a war that would be waged with atomic missiles [and *still* believe that human beings would deliberately start such a war]?" Mr. Eisenhower's answer is, no: the U.S. will not choose war, and neither will the Soviet Union — even *in extremis*. Thus the current working assumption of the National Security Council, relative to Soviet intentions, is the position we have earlier referred to as No. 3. The U.S. will therefore go ahead with missile research, but only to find out whether "this is a cheaper, better way" — i.e., a cheaper and even surer way than aircraft-delivered hydrogen bombs — of persuading the Soviet Union that the consequence of war is race suicide.

Not very long ago, Dr. Gerhart Niemeyer, in *U.S. News and World Report,* ventured a brilliant, if somewhat somber, prognosis for America. The years ahead, as Dr. Niemeyer saw them through his crystal ball, found the U.S. engaged in one limited surrender after the other: as each crisis arose, U.S. leaders shrank from using the awful weapon *this* time, while Soviet leaders risked war but counted on awe of the bomb to forestall retaliation.

To draw upon Dr. Niemeyer's thesis by way of suggesting the tendency of current U.S. policy: In the not too distant future, while the U.S. is plodding along at the blueprint stage, the Soviet Union invites foreign correspondents to witness a "test" of its newly perfected middle-range guided missile, and the next day follows the display with an announcement that East German "liberation" forces will march into the Federal Republic.

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The PRINTED Word

JONATHAN MITCHELL

A Week with the Minneapolis Tribune

For many years the Cowles family has helped to form opinion in the Middle West. The present generation, John and Gardner ("Mike"), control the *Minneapolis Tribune*, the *Des Moines Register* and *Look*. John, whose special charge is the *Minneapolis Tribune*, is now writing a series on Asia and the Middle East, from which he has just returned. His findings: the Russians have beaten us again; our only hope (a slim one) is to shell out dollars, with no questions asked.

This is because:

"The Bulganin-Khrushchev tour of India, Burma, and Afghanistan was a major success for the Russians. The Communists are clearly gaining throughout much of Asia."

"Communist propaganda is diabolically clever and effective."

Solution in Asia

Behind the Russian propaganda is the solid fact that Russia has found a successful answer to Asian problems:

"Russia proved during the '20s and '30s that a backward, illiterate, underdeveloped country could successfully force industrialization.

"Ruthless repression was required, and savings were forced from a people with an already extremely low living standard, but the goal of industrialization was achieved. China is apparently moving along this same path."

"Now for the first time in human history it is at least theoretically possible to abolish poverty throughout the globe, and in the space of only a couple of generations."

That Russia has abolished poverty (one room per urban family) is a Cowles scoop. Anyway, America's task is to show Asian leaders it is easier to get dollars than to follow the Russian model.

"Unless we are willing to reconcile ourselves to letting all Asia slide under Communist rule, which to me would be sheer insanity, we should recognize that our foreign economic aid is going to cost us large amounts for many years to come."

Cowles now gets down to Liberal business: foreign-aid funds should not be earmarked by Congress, but turned over to the President in a lump sum. The Cowles passion for clean government in Minneapolis and Des Moines shows up oddly among his reasons: if a country is not sure of its quota, it will be easier to persuade it to eliminate graft. What Cowles does not hint at is that a lump sum would be administered by Stassen and the White House group of Liberals, and thus would establish a second, rival State Department.

A Liberal Foreign Policy

Cowles gives a sampling of Liberal foreign policy in the same article:

"I favor our giving India a line of credit of a billion dollars, payable at the rate of about 200 million dollars annually, to help India with its new five-year plan."

"In proposing such a loan, we should neither ask for nor expect any shift in India's present political alignment of neutrality."

"Official statements that can be interpreted, no matter how erroneously, as implying American approval of continued Portuguese occupation of Goa and other enclaves on the Indian sub-continent do the free world incalculable harm."

"Americans should realize that within a year the pressure for Red China's seating in the UN will probably become so overwhelming that only a United States veto, if a veto is legally appropriate in such a proceeding, could prevent it."

"Asians who argue for Red China's admission to the UN largely agree that it would be proper to continue Nationalist China's (Formosa's) membership in the UN as an independent nation."

"Several Asian leaders told me emphatically, however, that Red China would not publicly accept this as 'a solution,' but then if the Nationalist Chinese withdrew from Quemoy and Matsu, they doubted that Red China would go to war with the United States in order to try to regain Formosa."

Last Look at Burma

In a second article, Cowles takes the hard case of Burma. Here even foreign-aid dollars won't do: the Burmese government is too fearful of Russia to accept them. It is about to be forced into an exchange of rice for Russian machinery. Cowles proposes that the U.S. step in and buy the rice, and perhaps Burmese teakwood. (Secretary Benson is already warehousing American-grown rice—but never mind!) The important thing is not to put pressure on Burma to declare itself on the anti-Communist side:

"Burma's situation illustrates the bankruptcy of the political philosophy of those Americans who take the position that those who are not with us are against us: therefore we should help only those nations that are our military allies."

Cowles encountered two faculty members of Rangoon University who feared the University might be taken over by Communists in a general strike planned to coincide with the national election in March or April. (At Singapore University, he points out, Communists control both faculty and student body.) He adds the melancholy reflection:

"Perhaps Burma will slide under Communist rule whatever we do."

Wave of the Future

Publisher Cowles' pessimism about Burma is reflected in an editorial writer's pessimism about Algeria. His sympathies are with Premier Mollet and the Algerian Nationalists, and he would like the U. S. to bring pressure on the French in Mollet's behalf:

"One unfortunate result of the colonials' belligerence is that it makes it impossible for the United States to go down the line for a setup that works in this way."

Since Mollet's government holds office by grace of the Communists, the gain to America in preventing its fall is not altogether clear.

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Bring on the Menckens!

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

H. L. Mencken is gone, and heaven only knows when we'll see the like of him again. God, I suspect, broods a long, long time before deciding to loose a Mencken upon the world. Too many of them would soon spoil everything; but a world devoid of them would spoil, egg-fashion, even sooner.

The Age of Mencken passed many years ago, long ere Mencken himself entered his final, or what history, thinking to please his ghost, may call his "Bring on the angels!" phase. That Age was, indeed, a great age, though when it began, exactly, and when it ended, exactly, are matters for the future to determine. But that it started off with a bang (one of Mencken's) and ended with a whimper (which Mencken had no part of) is clearly beyond dispute.

Ah, the twenties! 'Twas paradise enow to be alive then, especially if you were in your own twenties, and had fallen under the spell of the Pied Piper of Baltimore. And even more, if you were attending a small church college where cigarette smoking was closely identified with the narcotics traffic, and drinking was deemed more sinful by far than lying or fornication; where dancing was absolutely forbidden, and daily chapel attendance compulsory.

In those halcyon days, it was open season on everything and everybody, and the hunting was never better. But enough of this — and back to what I started to do: merely jot down a few random reflections prompted by the death of a man who, for more than thirty years, has never long been out of my thoughts.

I know, as well as the next midster to whom the old *Mercury* was once the way and the life, that Menckenism, even in its heyday, was not very intellectually respectable; that it was something many young people went through, like the German measles; and that it did no lasting harm.

And I am fairly familiar with the vast and sprawling literature of anti-Menckenism. *Menckeniana: A Schimpflexikon* used to be one of my favorite books; and I never doubted for a moment that its target found it the hardest book in the world to put down.

I haven't forgotten Paul Elmer More's dismissal of Mencken as "a brawling vulgarian." Nor Irving Babbitt's saying that at a time when America so badly needed a Socrates, she got a Mencken instead. Nor Walter Lippmann's considered judgment that Mencken was not a thinker at all —that his appeal was primarily visceral. Nor Chesterton's—but to abridge, the consensus was (and, largely, still is) that to go to H. L. Mencken for light and leading, for a full dispassionate analysis of serious ideas and crucial problems, was like going off in all directions at once to milk the bull.

I know, have known for years, all of these things. But they are not the whole story. And I would like to set down hurriedly a few of my feelings about H. L. Mencken *now*, with particular attention to the uses, tonic as well as cleansing, to which his example can be put today by the Republic— that Republic which he probably could not have loved so much, had he not loved circuses more.

Mencken was born under the sign of Zarathustra, and apprenticed quite early in his career to Nietzsche's *Anti-Christ*. Moreover, there is abundant evidence to support the theory that Mencken always thought of himself as the master anarch's only true begotten son. Fortunately, there was too much cracker-barrel sanity, too much robust humor and humanity in Mencken for him to go the whole Nietzschian philosophic hog. Cheerfulness (not to mention compassion and horse sense) "was always breaking in."

His *Notes on Democracy*, for all its nihilistic *Katzenjammer*, drives home one truth which America can ill afford to blink much longer—freedom is to be had only at a price, and more and more people seem less and less willing these days to pay it. Tocqueville is the authority's authority on this life-and-death subject; but Mencken's *Notes* remains the rowdiest, the most provocative (and provoking) introduction to it.

Libertarianism was Mencken's religion, and the Bill of Rights his Bible. The cause of civil liberties in this country never had a doughtier, a more passionately dedicated champion than he. Mencken may have worshipped the Superman in the abstract; but when he encountered one in the flesh, he could unhorse him quicker than you can say Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Mencken, to his eternal credit, put on the damnedest, the gaudiest and thumpingest one-man crusade against poltroonery, demagoguery and ecumenical asininity, against cant, humbug and hyprocrisy, against bounders, windbags and wowsers, that God's country ever witnessed. He was an Ingersoll without the claptrap, a Brann the Iconoclast with brains. He belongs with the roaring boys of yesteryear—with Lucian, Rabelais and Falstaff. Mencken's yawps were really yawps, always full-throated and clear, never muffled or reedy; and they never issued in the form of anomalous love-calls. Mencken, unlike Whitman, much preferred stirring up the animals to lying down with them in a fruity spirit of placid, uncomplaining mateyness.

Mencken, like Whitman in this one respect, was often lacking in dignity, as well as in respect for it. Like Coleridge, who had seen too many ghosts to believe in them, Mencken had seen too much dignity to believe in it. And more than once, in his writings, he displayed a deplorable lack of sensibility. But if he was often cruel, his cruelty was of the rolling-pin or baseball-bat variety; it was never Borgian, at any rate, and was usually free of malice or rancor.

The truth is, Mencken was very much all of a piece. He can be taken apart, cut up in sections grapefruit-

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fashion, quite easily. Getting him put back together, however, is something else again. You have to take him on the run, as it were, and in the round. In some ways it is more sensible, certainly far more rewarding, to think of him, not so much as a person, not even as a critic, autobiographer, satirist, or lexicographer, but as a kind of natural force—a temblor, a tidal wave, or a lava-flow.

But however or whatever you may think of him, of one thing I am sure. We are going to miss him terribly. The uses of a Mencken defy tabulation. Concededly, he was something less than a light-bringer, or a trustworthy guide for the perplexed; but he *was* a fug-dispeller, of no mean dimensions.

It is hardly a secret that Mencken the critic never bothered too much about distinguishing between the solemn and the serious. He could cavalierly dispose of a Hamilton Wright Mabie and a Paul Elmer More at one fell swoop. Though often damnably unfair to first-raters, he nevertheless performed yeoman service in keeping the aisles cleared of mediocrities and charlatans. But when a first-rater *to his taste* came up the pike—a Conrad, a Lardner, or a Cather—he frequently headed the welcoming committee. Nor should we ever forget, either, that he could spot the genius of a George Ade miles away; and then go on with scarcely a pause for breath to expose the lugubrious rubbledegook of Ade's rival-theorist in the Leisure Class field, Thorstein Veblen, brutally dangling his victim over the spit of his galumphous rhetoric for twenty pages straight running, with nary a break for a little conspicuous consumption of beer and scherzos.

Mencken was frequently the dupe of common sense; and when he got going on the subject of Science, he could become positively maudlin in no time at all. (His perfervid Hymn to the Thermostat, for instance, makes Henry Adams' Prayer to the Virgin seem distressingly slack and secular by comparison.) His verities were strictly human verities, sometimes all-too-human, smacking dingily of the police blotter. He had a way of bringing everything and everybody down from the clouds with a thud. But at least he never tried to fob off his atheo-materialism for Consolations of the Higher Thought.

Mencken's irreverence was undeniably cosmic; but there is just a possibility that God may be as tolerant of Mencken's theological hoots and caterwaulings as He is of the slick neo-Couéisms of the Positive-Power Trust or the gray-flannel pieties of the Madison Avenue crowd. If Mencken was sometimes pretty hard on God, he was even harder on the God-players. At least he never mistook any Messiah of the More Abundant Life for St. Paul or the Kremlin for Beulah Land. Had Mencken been fetchable, it would have taken more than a Manifesto, or a Charter, or a Deal to turn the trick. By his own admission, it would have taken nothing less than the Twenty-third Psalm.

A Mencken's work is never done. And at a time when it has become almost frighteningly easy to think of oneself as an upper-case intellectual merely by switching off the television set and turning on the radio—well, it's clearly no time to ignore or discount too heavily the uses of a lower-case intellectual like H. L. Mencken.

For nearly twenty years there has been nobody around to take up (and haul away) where Mencken left off. I like to think that there's a Socrates in the wings at this very moment, waiting to step out upon the stage. In the meantime, though, there's humbler work to be done—heaps of it, I might add.

So, here's to the memory of one who labored long and faithfully, if not always in the vineyard, at least in the Augean Stables of our political, cultural and educational life. May he find—wherever he is—plenty of good men to forgive, and many beautiful and intelligent gals to wink at.

H. L. Mencken, caricatured by Sharp in The American Spectator, 1937

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Liberality or Slush?

At a Middlewestern college, recently, when it was proposed to undertake some study of conservative principles, certain young lions of Liberalism raised their sweet voices in anguish. A liberal-arts college, they cried, is a place to inculcate Liberalism; conservative ideas ought to be anathema in the academy. This philological confusion is itself a symptom of the decay of our higher learning. To the scholar who best expressed the idea of liberal education, Cardinal Newman, "Liberalism," in all its usages, was repellent. It was not the arid political ideology called Liberalism which Newman espoused, but instead something worlds away: the examined life; the form of education fit for free men, the leaders of their society. From the time of its first employment, the phrase "liberal arts" has meant those disciplines which make a man master of himself and a participant in that great intellectual and spiritual continuity which we call Tradition.

Our American liberal-arts colleges, whatever their failings, have retained some bond with the venerable disciplines that teach the rising generation what it is to be a man, and in what an elevated mind consists. They have retained some understanding of the primacy of the idea of Justice in liberal education, apprehending, as Josef Pieper puts it, "that the educative efforts of a people should primarily aim at forming the young generation, especially those called to leadership, into just men." But there are many reasons for believing that our colleges are doing less and less to teach young men and women to examine their own lives, or to participate in the wisdom of our ancestors, over which our present preening rationality is no better than a film upon a deep well.

Many of our colleges are very shady just now; some zealots for consolidation and state uniformity gleefully predict that at least a fourth of these colleges of ours will tumble into bankruptcy in the next generation. There are financial causes for this; but there also are intellectual and moral causes. For any institution to endure, there must be faith and purpose in it. Whether a good many of our colleges still profess any faith or acknowledge any purpose is open to question.

To some people, prescriptive faiths and purposes are repugnant. Growth, for growth's sake; progress, even though we know not toward what—these ought to be the only aims of an educational establishment, according to these critics. In this vein, Mr. Harold C. Hunt, Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, proposed to address the annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges recently. As chance or providence had it, Mr. Hunt was unable to attend; but copies of his intended talk were distributed, and the Lord delivered one into my hand.

"The Liberal Arts: the Years Ahead" was the title of Mr. Hunt's address. You know the patter of the devotee of Progress: "In this modern world of incessant change," etc., etc. Well, Mr. Hunt indulged in some of that patter.

Are our colleges, he asked, "to stand, steadfastly resisting change? Or are they to respond to the massive pressure of the cultural shift?" (Whether that shift is good or bad, or in precisely what it consists, Mr. Hunt did not vouchsafe to say.) All we ought to try to preserve, he went on, is the *essence* of liberal training, "liberality," not "the unimaginative worship of a traditional concept." He was amused by this quotation from the Cincinnati *Western Review*, 1820:

> Should the time ever come when Latin and Greek should be banished from our universities and the study of Cicero and Demosthenes, of Homer and Virgil should be considered as unnecessary for the formation of a scholar, we should regard mankind as fast sinking into absolute barbarism, and the gloom of mental darkness is likely to increase until it should become universal.

Now I am not so much amused by these vaticinations of 1820. Are we so much cleverer than the men of the early years of the nineteenth century? Has not a great part of the world sunk into a form of barbarism, in which the decay of traditional education has had its malign part? And if we are to substitute something novel and progressive for the classics, or for the literary and historical studies which still are the core of our liberal-arts curriculum, just what is this brave new program to include? Mr. Hunt gives no clue, except to murmur faintly some phrases about training for leisure-time and to quote General Sarnoff on the "amazing changes" in electronics and atomics.

Now it happens to be my opinion that the American college has been drifting a great while toward a vague desire to make young people (in Mr. Hunt's phrase) "creators of a better world rather than precision parts in an existing world"; and that this amorphous humanitarianism, though it has badly injured the old disciplines, has created no decent curriculum to replace them. The unpleasant insecurity of many of our colleges is produced, in part, by this very lack of purpose and form.

Dean Williams of Columbia University Law School, in his report this month to the president of Columbia, suggested that many of our liberal-arts colleges seem to be teaching next to nothing. They are neither devoted to Mr. Hunt's detested "unimaginative worship of a traditional concept" nor creating bright young things out to make a better world. (Just how it is possible to create a brave new world without a knowledge of the past, a participation in tradition, I confess I don't know.) Their curriculum, Dean Williams implies, is principally slush. Their graduates are ignorant not merely of the classical literatures, but of American history, government, political economy; they cannot read swiftly or comprehendingly; they cannot write decently; many of them do not even know how to use a dictionary. They are thoroughly unfit to commence the study of law (which

(*Continued on p. 30*)

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From Hollywood

MORRIE RYSKIND

Some ten years ago, the late Jim McGuinness and I were in a huddle with a couple of the FBI boys on the Communist situation in Hollywood. Half a dozen names were named, and Mr. Hoover's *agents provocateurs* asked for our evaluation of them. "Well," I said, "Comrade A. is a born commissar. He would have no qualms in putting up the machine guns and ordering the faithful to mow down every house in the street. Comrade B. is a loyal robot who would unhesitatingly obey the order without perhaps realizing what he is doing. Comrade C.—" I hesitated. "At the last moment, I think Comrade C. wouldn't fire; he is basically a decent fellow who has fallen for the line, but there is no blood lust in him."

Jim McGuinness was pretty emphatic about Comrades D. and E., who, he said, would not only suffer no qualms but would delight in some bloodletting. About Comrade F., however, he was sympathetic.

Whereupon the G-men burst out laughing and, when we looked puzzled, explained. It seemed that in the cell meeting held only a week or so before, the bitterest attacks on Jim and myself came from Comrades C. and F., who had called for our total destruction. "The trouble with our side," said the G-men, "is that each of us has his favorite Communist; the other side just keeps slugging."

And that is why, it seems to me, the statists are winning the Battle of Armageddon. True, the conservatives fight for the Lord, but we are tainted with the weaknesses of human compassion; the enemy, say what you will of him, is consistent. He is bent on delivering the mail, and not snow nor rain nor heat, not mercy nor decency nor truth, stays him. He reserves his morality for his banners, on which are engraven the Marquis of Queensbury rules; in the fighting itself, he gouges, bites, hits below the belt. As a betting proposition, the odds are all with him.

Consider, for example, the Liberal attitude toward Joe McCarthy. When, on the floor of the Senate, the Senator from Vermont made his infamous innuendo on McCarthy's private life, the Liberals danced in the streets and gloatingly repeated it from New York to Hollywood. Asked for evidence, Flanders said he was only repeating what he had heard and promptly sailed for Europe, with the Liberal cheers ringing in his ears. What would have happened if McCarthy had similarly accused Flanders? Or, say, Adlai Stevenson? To say all hell would have broken loose is the understatement of the century. But McCarthy was the enemy and Flanders on the side of the angels; so the Liberal banners, with their slogans of "No character-assassination," "No hearsay evidence," "The right to face your accuser," waved more gallantly—or should I say brazenly?—than ever.

Take the latest escapade of those two Katzenjammer Kids, the Messrs. Rauh and Friendly. In the Paul Hughes affair, the two biggest breast-beaters in the Liberal ranks are caught *flagrante delicto* using all the weapons they have so vehemently denounced: the stolen documents, the secret dossier, the paid informer and all the rest of it. Further, they are revealed not only as hypocrites but as utter morons: surely no self-respecting Mongolian idiot with an I.Q. of four would have swallowed the infantile fabrications of Hughes. I am surprised he let them off as cheaply as he did: the yokels who paid out $8500 to find out about the cache of machine guns McCarthy had stowed away for the day of the big *Putsch* would surely have parted with at least ten grand for the Brooklyn Bridge.

You would think that the Liberal would look over that sorry record, try to square it with the phrases under which he battles, and decide that Rauh and Friendly had outlived their usefulness. That is, you would if you were a conservative.

What will happen is that Mr. Rauh will not only be re-elected Chairman of the ADA, but will receive a dozen awards from Liberal organizations testifying to his devotion to the American way of life; not to mention an honorary LL.D. from one of the Ivy League institutions, and laudatory editorials in the *Reporter* and *Pravda*. Mr. Friendly will be nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in Journalism, and the Ford Foundation and the Fund for the Republic will endow him with several million dollars to train young Liberal journalists how to write the news they want to believe.

And, from the Liberal point of view, this is completely ethical. The shibboleths on their banners face the enemy and are to be read by him alone. That is why they can smear the opposition while hurling charges of "character-assassination"; that is why they can fight to make mass-man under the slogan of "nonconformity," and to enthrone the state in the name of "democracy."

Consider now the conservative. His day is fairly routine. A hearty breakfast of champagne and broiled pheasant, after which he is driven to the bank, where he takes a brisk walk around the vault. Then a couple of leisurely hours of coupon-clipping, which is good for the tone of the wrist muscles. To the club for a light lunch: pâté de fois gras, plovers' eggs, and a goblet or two of Fascist Coffee: One-half cup of coffee, one quart of proletarian blood, a jigger of cream, add sugar and serve hot or cold. Delicious! Then the afternoon game of golf or polo, followed by a drink, a shower, a rubdown, and a nap. A glance at the afternoon paper for the stock market reports, and we're set for dinner. Nothing elaborate, just a few peasants under glass, and the men retire to the den for coffee. A round or two of mergers, maybe, and we're ready for bed.

Granted its limitations, that would seem a simple regimen to follow. But even here there are deviations: for example, on Fridays Bill Buckley won't touch either pheasants or peasants; on Yom Kippur, George Sokolsky and Alfred Kohlberg won't eat anything. And these are our leaders!

You will say these deviations are minor: but remember that Trotsky started out as a minor deviationist, too. I say that once the Party has decided, there can be *no* deviations. You break one commandment and pretty soon you're breaking them all.

And that's no way to win ballgames.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Living Letters from the Dead

FREDA UTLEY

Heroes, said Pericles, have the whole world for their sepulchre, and in lands far from their own their record is enshrined in the hearts of men.

The doomed German soldiers who wrote these letters (*Last Letters from Stalingrad,* Coronet Press, $1.50) had no such consolation as the belief that their death would either save their country or be celebrated in song and story by generations to come. A few of them were sustained in their agony by the stoic tradition, as affirmed by the man who wrote to his wife: "We are Prussian officers who know what we have to do when the time comes"; others by faith in the eventual "resurrection of the German people" and pride in the heroism of the German soldiers "throughout the long hunger period." But for the most part the letters reveal the tragedy of men who realized that "everything that is happening is for a completely senseless cause." Only a few thought that they were starving and freezing and awaiting certain death, without even ammunition to make a last stand, for a cause worth dying for. In the words of one of them, they were "the dramatis personae of madness incarnate."

In the eighteenth century struggle for liberty a Nathan Hale could regret that he had only one life to give for his country. But the soldiers of totalitarian tyranny in our era could only say (I quote from another of the letters):

> I am not cowardly, but only sad because I can give no greater proof of my bravery than to die for these foolish things, without speaking of injustice.

Many of the letters, extracts from which are translated in this moving book, were written by anti-Nazis, some of whom acknowledged their guilt in not having opposed Hitler before it was too late. The unnamed writer of the letter from which I have just quoted refers in his last letter to his wife to the motto of his ancestral home: "Sin recognized; sin expiated." "My guilt," he says, "is in the ratio of 1 to 70 million, and is settled through the surrender of my life."

The bitterest letters were written either to liberal friends or to relatives at home who had urged the authors to "lay down their arms"—in the foolish belief that the Russians would spare them. Facing certain death or enslavement by the Communists during the last days at Stalingrad, one of them wrote:

> Stay off my neck with your well-meaning advice. . . . It is easy to impart good advice, but it doesn't work out the way you imagine. Liberation of the people, nonsense! The people stay the same, only their rulers change. . . . 1932 would have been the time to act. You know that very well. This moment was missed. Ten years ago it could have been done with ballots; today it would have cost lives.

The just and the unjust, the heroes and the cowards, the believers in God and those who denied or cursed God in their extremity, those who had believed in Hitler and those who regarded him as the Anti-Christ, all knew that there was no hope for them in the hell upon earth which was Stalingrad. But since even the damned have one consolation, namely, that of knowing that nothing worse can befall them, these German soldiers, each in his own fashion, enjoyed a brief moment of freedom from fear of the Nazi regime as, at last, he expressed his real sentiments. One writes that "There could be no safer place than Stalingrad for the opponents of the Hitler regime." Another sarcastically remarks that:

> We have marched on command, have shot on command, starve on command, die on command. . . . We are certain to march on command again. With great likelihood it will be in the originally planned direction, only without weapons and under other leadership.

A general's son whose father had refused to use his influence as a staff officer to get him transferred from the Russian front hints that he will desert to the enemy because:

> . . . the time will come when every sensible man in Germany will curse the madness of this war. And you will realize how hollow are the words about the flag with which I am supposed to conquer. There is no victory, Herr General, there are only flags and men which fall, and in the end there will be neither flags nor men. . . . You blocked the road to life for me; I will choose the second road of life . . . in the opposite direction. It also leads to life, but on the opposite side of the front.

As against the bitter, angry or despairing letters there are the tender ones written by soldiers whose main concern was for the sorrow of the loved ones they were leaving forever across the bridge to eternity. One wrote to his wife that although she would miss him greatly, she was "still very young and pretty" and should not "lock herself up away from men"; she should realize rather that their children would need a father, live for them, and "not make much fuss over their father."

Another who has just learned that both his parents have been killed in an air raid writes to his sister: "It is good that Father and Mother will not know that Hermann and I are never coming home. But it is so frightfully cruel that in your future life you must bear the burden of four dead people." One tells his wife that the only good thing the war has done for him is to give him knowledge of the depth of his love for her. An astron-

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omer writes that he owes his contentment and harmony to the stars, which are immortal "while human life is like an atom in the universe." One soldier worries about his cat, back home. Another is grimly amused that his sweetheart should admonish him "to be careful with the girls." "Maria," he answers her, "there are no girls here."

Reading this book one feels that not the least of Hitler's crimes against humanity was the non-delivery of these last messages from Stalingrad to the wives and children, mothers, fathers and friends of the soldiers he abandoned at Stalingrad. The letters were collected at Potsdam, and for a grim Gallup-type analysis of the morale of the German army. To cite only one example of Hitler's cruelty in denying the comfort that these last letters might have brought to the families of the fallen, what a difference it might have made to the wife of the man who had been openly unfaithful to learn that in his last hours on earth he had chosen to write to her instead of to his mistress, Carola. He tells his neglected wife that he wishes her and everyone to know that he has found his way back to her—"in the instant," he writes, "that takes me from you forever."

The pity and terror that are the essence of tragedy give this slender volume an unforgettable impact which transcends place and time, and, by the same token, the nationality of the men who perished at Stalingrad. No one after reading it is likely to forget the letter dictated by a musician who has lost his hands, in which he relates how "Kurt Hanke, from college in 1937," played the Appassionata in a small side street near the Red Square, outside a destroyed house from which a grand piano had been removed "out of sympathy." "Too bad," writes this pianist who will never play again, "that I am not a story-teller, to paint a word picture of the hundreds of soldiers squatting around, wearing their coats and with blankets over their heads." And he adds:

> The sound of bombing is everywhere, but no one is disturbed. They heard Beethoven in Stalingrad, even if they did not understand him.

The publishers of this rare book would seem to be blind to its universal significance, and its particular interest today for all who realize that we may yet find ourselves beleaguered like the Germans who fought the Communists at Stalingrad. They describe these letters as "a memento of a brief phase in world history." But Mr. John E. Vetter, who made the excellent translation, ransoms the cliché by saying, in his introduction, that after reading what these German soldiers wrote:

> One finds it hard to believe that thirteen years ago we cheered while these same men were being slaughtered along the frozen banks of the Volga. For it is only by a twist of fate that these men were once our enemies; in other uniforms, they might well have been the ill-fated defenders of Bataan, Corregidor or Tobruk.

Or, he might have added, American soldiers in Korea.

Sonja and the Pharisees

True Morality and Its Counterfeits, by Dietrich von Hildebrand. 179 pp. New York: David McKay Company, Inc. $3.00

Dr. Hildebrand, a philosopher deeply concerned about the mental health of humanity, writes in this book of "sin mysticism," which (as he believes) is an unavoidable product of "circumstance ethics," and thus saturates the moral thinking of our Catholic, Jewish and Protestant Liberals.

What is sin mysticism? According to Dr. Hildebrand:

> The horror of pharisaism, of any pharisaic taint, tends to degenerate into indulgence toward sin. Sometimes it even creates a "sin mysticism," which projects into sin a kind of mysterious depth, a halo of humility, as though sin itself were a protection against pharisaism.

Modern contempt for any sort of pharisaism, writes Dr. Hildebrand, though itself commendable, has given rise to errors of equal magnitude — John Dewey pragmatics, for example, which does away with absolutism entirely and so, ultimately, does away with God. And he offers a brilliant analysis first of the several degrees of pharisaism against which the proponents of circumstance ethics inveigh, and then of the excesses to which circumstance ethics themselves invariably conduce.

Dr. Hildebrand enjoys turning the spit: "The pharisee is above all characterized by the absence of mercy"; "The pharisee gloats over the moral failures of others: they confirm his own moral superiority"; and "The appalling character of the pharisaic attitude and its innermost falseness disclose themselves clearly as soon as we realize that the ceremonial law, which is essentially a service, is being abused as a means of self-glory."

The self-righteous zealot, one type of pharisee, can easily be detected:

> After crushing a sinner under the weight of his indignation, he enjoys condescendingly lifting him up again in a gesture of sham mercy. This gesture also serves, however, to confirm the abyss separating him from the sinner.

The self-righteous mediocre man differs from the zealot in that he

> . . . wants "moral security" and "intactness," not primarily in order to relish them as the self-righteous zealot does, but in order that he may render to God what he *has* to render to Him, and to be able to then dedicate himself fully to "caesar," that is, to his private life and its more or less selfish interests.
>
> Unlike the self-righteous zealot, who does not necessarily stand by the letter in regard to himself, he will be quite content with the letter in regard to himself and will not trouble himself about the spirit.

There are many more categories, each of them with enough affectations and faults common to us all to make us shift uncomfortably in our chairs as we read. Every form of pharisaism, the author argues, is characterized by a submergence of the spirit to the requirements of the letter. But, he continues, circumstance ethics makes too much of a good thing. The fact that the pharisee denies the spirit of the law in his observance of its letter does not of itself invalidate the letter. There are some commandments of God which cannot be obeyed in their spirit without being obeyed in the letter of their meaning. One can commit the sin of adultery through the desire alone, without any physical manifestation, but one cannot *not* commit adultery by somehow retaining a pure mind in the act of violating the commandment that bids us be faithful to our wives. This was the mistake of Sonja in *Crime and Punishment*. She accepted the life of a whore as a sacrifice, and to this extent

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her life of sin was indeed noble; but she committed the grave moral error of ignoring the objective evil of her acts. Says Dr. Hildebrand:

> The saint—and not the tragic sinner—is the antithesis to the pharisee . . . Sonja is noble and great because of her heroic charity, her readiness to sacrifice the *intimum* of her personal life, to annihilate herself, as it were, and to accept the most horrible humiliation, in order to help her suffering family. But she could as well possess this moral splendor without committing a deplorable sin, without falling prey to a grave moral error, even to a moral value blindness.

Many fashionable writers, philosophers and preachers today ignore the fact that sin is *always* objectively evil; it is always ugly; it is always an offense against God. Denial of such basic truths, of the "oughtness" of morality, of the necessity for Christian obedience, "leads, through an absolute formalism, to a much more radical 'legalism' than the one against which" circumstance ethics protested. How, Dr. Hildebrand will show you. And, in doing so, he may well convince you that the self-same liberalism of thought that has interpreted away the strictures of the Constitution has also been interpreting away the essence of God. For a denial of absolute morality and a denial of liberty are one and the same thing. As William Penn pointed out, those "who will not be governed by God will be ruled by tyrants."

F. R. BUCKLEY

And Then There Was One

The Russian Marxists and the Origins of Bolshevism, by Leopold H. Haimson. 246 pp. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $5.50

Scouting for the early origins of ideas that have touched off great historical upheavals can be just as exciting and rewarding as piecing together the clues that solve the mystery of a crime or exploring a river to its unknown source. Mr. Haimson has done some commendably thorough sleuthing in Russian revolutionary thought and psychology, with special emphasis on four pioneer Russian Marxists: Lenin, Plekhanov, Axelrod and Martov.

Of the four, it was Lenin who led the greatest and most successful revolution against Western ideals of individual liberty, religious faith, private property and limited government under law. The other three are forgotten, except by specialists in Russian revolutionary history. But as the nineteenth century gave way to the twentieth these men ranked more or less as equal leaders in the small persecuted Social Democratic movement. Plekhanov and Axelrod, as older men, enjoyed perhaps more prestige in their limited circle of followers than the younger Lenin and Martov.

As Mr. Haimson shows by diligent delving in old revolutionary publications, records of the first Social Democratic Party Congresses and other source material, the other three eminent Marxists, and many others, collaborated with Lenin for a time, but finally broke with him, and all for the same basic reason. Lenin was intent, perhaps subconsciously, on concentrating directing power in his own hands, and could not brook critics, opponents or even equal associates.

An important factor in this situation was Lenin's theory of how the underground Social Democratic Party should be organized. This theory led to a split at the Second Congress of the party that was never really healed. Lenin advocated a strictly disciplined organization, with an elite class of professional revolutionaries giving orders to the rank-and-file, and itself under the absolute control of a party center abroad—which Lenin would dominate.

Here in embryo was the key pattern of the totalitarian single party state, instituted by Lenin and perfected by Stalin in the Soviet Union, and adapted by Hitler and Mussolini. The full significance of Lenin's proposal was not generally appreciated at the time; there was a tendency to regard the split as a mere squabble of personalities about administrative details. But the later course of events showed that there was a fundamental difference between Lenin's militarily organized party and the looser form of organization, with more freedom and initiative for rank-and-file members, preferred by Martov. Under Russian conditions the first conception was almost predestined to prevail, and to crush and destroy the other.

The most devastating and prophetic critique of Lenin's theory of party organization was pronounced by Trotsky, in a period which lies outside the scope of the present book:

> The party organization would then substitute itself for the party as a whole; then the Central Committee would substitute itself for the organization; and finally a single dictator would substitute himself for the Central Committee.

What made Lenin tick? Apart from the fanatical faith in Marxist dogma that he shared with many others, he was strongly influenced by Russian radicals, little known outside their own country, such as Chernishevsky and Dobrolyubov. This influence, Mr. Haimson believes, led him to attach more importance to human will and initiative than orthodox Marxism allowed, and made it psychologically possible for him to lead a successful revolution in a country in an early phase of capitalism, when, according to Marx, no successful socialist revolution should have been possible.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Not for Love Nor Money

Tall Trees Surround Us, by George C. Bailey. 159 pp. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, Ltd. $4.00

I don't think I could honestly recommend this book to anyone for its own sake. It is a poorly written, amateur job, inclined to homely clichés of both feeling and language. A dozen photographs scattered through the text make up its best pages. As I read it I was, nevertheless, struck by its subject, for it is about an experience which, I believe, a young man could not have for love nor money anywhere in the continental United States today.

On August 9, 1909, George Bailey's name was among the thousand drawn in a government lottery for homesteading rights on Indian reservations in northern Idaho. He quit his job as a telegraph operator, moved west, and for the next two years he and his wife had a keen, tonic taste of unqualified freedom. Without benefit of any kind of government supervision, they lived—by their wits, courage and in-

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itiative—in direct relation to the trees, the animals and the weather around them. No soil banks. No wardens. No reforestation projects. No game limit. No permits. Just a man and his wife—on the earth, harming no one, and unspectacularly doing what they wished.

This was from 1910 to 1912. Reading about George and Minnilou Bailey's cleanly unbureaucratized lives, I remembered that it was in these same years that millions of less lucky Americans were beginning to read that strangely symptomatic genre of daydream we now call the "Western story," in which, significantly, the hero is a lone cowboy on an unmechanized horse who can still do what he wants to do and wander where he pleases, without joining a union, waging class warfare, or filling in depersonalizing forms in quadruplicate. ROBERT PHELPS

Sights and Sounds

Bare Feet in the Palace, by Agnes Newton Keith. Illustrated by the author. 370 pp. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.00

Gentlemen journalists, as a rule, tend to take generalized views of whatever they are reporting on. They descend omnisciently and importantly from airplanes, interview a dozen VIP's, note tendencies, symptoms, continental perspectives, and take off again — ready to write a book.

Lady journalists — and Agnes Newton Keith is a good example—do just the opposite. They write about places they have lived in, shopped in and have private feelings about. Their views are local and personal, and do not take their color exclusively from ideas, their own or anybody else's. What made Mrs. Keith's earlier books so memorable, and won them so many readers, was not exceptional prescience of political insight, but rather the intimate scale of a vivid, observant woman-wife-mother in the foreground.

After North Borneo (*Land Below the Wind*) and a Japanese prison camp (*Three Came Home*), Mrs. Keith and her family settled in the Philippines. The time was 1953, the pivotal year during which Magsaysay was elected President. As both a famous author and the wife of a UN forestry expert, Mrs. K. had social access to everyone from the President's lady on down. But the absence of tendentious interpretation is what makes her chatty account significant. She does not ignore the struggle of millions of Filipinos of many races to assimilate in a few sudden years economic opportunities that can completely change their lives. But she sees it in terms of the particular persons, sights and sounds that she herself lived among. I found the result more interesting, more lively than the solemnly pontifical diagnoses of many of her more "important" gentlemen colleagues. And not less informative than theirs, either! ROGER BECKET

Worthy Crown

The Castle and the Ring, by C. C. Martindale, S. J. 280 pp. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.75

The recurring appearance of a gold ring originally offered by the Magi at the Epiphany gives coherence to this highly poetical story, which runs through the changing scenes of history from Roman times down to the present day. In Father Martindale, the historian and the poet combine their talents; because of the former, what he writes possesses a convincing reality; because of the latter, it possesses vitality.

The gold is given by the physician St. Luke to his nephew, who suffers martyrdom in the arena. It is then made into a bracelet, and passes through the lives of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, St. Simon Stylites, St. Genevieve, Alcuin, St. Bernard of Clairvaux and St. Francis of Assisi. In St. Catherine of Siena's time, it comes into the hands of an Englishman, Hugh Medd of Medley Castle, and the tale becomes bound up with the vicissitudes and persecutions of Catholicism in England, which it follows all the way down to the conversion of the descendant of the original Medd, Rupert Medd, and his friend, Robert Brent, in modern times. The characterization of these contemporary figures is brilliantly vivid. There is great zest, humor, and passion in their loving, hating, living and dying. Father Martindale has a fine dramatic talent which gives the tale its powerful impetus: and he also has intuitive insight into the operation of the supernatural on human lives and destinies.

The book, though perhaps chiefly interesting to Roman Catholics, deserves a far wider public. Neither age nor long internment under the Nazis seems to have sapped Father Martindale's creativeness. His prose is a model of grace and elegance, and this novel is a worthy crown to his many labors in biography, hagiography, history, essay-writing and story-telling. He shares with Father Martin D'Arcy the honor of being one of the two most famous living Jesuits, not only on account of his literary achievements, but because of his work for the poor, and the lead he has taken in such activities as the Holy Child Settlement in London, the Apostolate of the Sea, and the Liturgical Movement. ROY CAMPBELL

Clear Exposition

Art, the Critics, and You, by Curt J. Ducasse. 170 pp. New York: The Liberal Arts Press. $ .95

This is a welcome reprint of a clear, concise and eminently reasonable exposition of a system of aesthetics that seeks to embrace and explain all the arts. Many readers will feel, not without reason, that the author is talking down to them. They should moderate their resentment by a) remembering that the author is explicitly writing for novices, and b) noting with gratitude that he has avoided the esoteric jargon and contorted pseudo-metaphysics by which some of our most fashionable critics avoid the danger of being understood. R. P. O.

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To the Editor

A Correction

In your January 18 issue you identify Mrs. Eleanor B. Stevenson as the president of Oberlin. Assuming your interest in accuracy, may I point out that Mrs. Stevenson—a person we all admire very much indeed—is the wife of the president of Oberlin College, Dr. William E. Stevenson.

Oberlin, Ohio PAUL M. DOUGLAS
Director of Public Relations,
Oberlin College

Hughes in Iran

. . . My judgment, which of course may be wrong, tells me that [Paul H.] Hughes is ingenuous rather than ingenious. . . .

Hughes was Base Sgt. Major. . . at Abadan, Iran, while I was chief clerk. . . . I found Hughes to be enamored with intelligence work. So much so that I felt he would do anything in that field, but he lacked social poise and inwardly felt himself to be a misfit in society. He had little formal education, as he entered the army when about fifteen or sixteen years of age. I dubbed him then as a moon-eyed dreamer. . .I am convinced that he was a tool. . . .

Northlake, Ill. EDWARD HORAN

Talking to Ourselves?

. . . You are . . . performing a valuable function in supplying ammunition in the fight for freedom. But you are only educating those who are already holders of opinions basically similar to yours. You do not stand much chance of converting any wavering liberals because of the puerile sarcasm which permeates most of your articles.

Rego Park, N.Y. LAWRENCE KOBAK

(See "On Talking to Ourselves," editorial, February 8. THE EDITORS)

To a sincere Conservative, the most depressing utterance of recent months is your tragically childish and pettish editorial, "On Talking to Ourselves" . . . .

For reasons which appear no more substantial than personal pique, you have rejected the support of the strongest, soundest, most dedicated Conservatives, who want to do more than just talk. . . . I believe you *might* have become a major force in American life, as spokesmen for those who still treasure the Constitution and the Ten Commandments.

Rye, N.Y. WALTER E. WOODFORD, JR.

The Soviet World Conspiracy

The Credenda of your magazine expresses in a most excellent manner the needs for the day—"honest intellectual combat" in "defense of the organic order." . . . I sincerely believe that we are lost if we do not accept and define certain basic truths. For instance, Communism has been referred to as another political party . . .We must accept as basic that Communism is a conspiracy to dominate the world by force and violence, is anti-God, is unchanging and allows no degree of its immorality, but is absolute. Also that the Soviet world conspiracy objective is to brainwash the minds of free men and change the moral precepts of humanity as the means toward totalitarianism. . . .

Larchmont, N.Y. RICHARD GAINES

"Suspicion of the Educated"

I am happy to see that Messrs. Mathews [sic], Buckly [sic], and Meyer have found in your magazine something to keep them off the streets. Seemingly, there is yet room for absurdity however palpable. . . .

It seems however admirable may be the conservative's aspirations, he is incapable of rising above the rather squalid populistic suspicion of the educated. . . .

Lake Forest, Ill. LEN BREWSTER

The Liberal Mentality

. . .We owe NATIONAL REVIEW a debt of gratitude for calling to our attention the handbook, *The Communist Party of the U.S.A.*, which every American citizen should read, if he cares about his own survival as a free citizen. . . .

I am still baffled by the mentality of the Liberals who spend their time fighting Joe McCarthy instead of fighting the Communists. I can only suppose that "those whom the gods would destroy they must first make mad." Or, if you will forgive the paraphrase, that: "Those whom the Marxists would destroy, they must first make Liberals."

New York City MARY REISNER

Kolb's Law

. . .When Pyrrho brought up the laws of Thermo-uneconomics, multiplication of work, Alice's law [February 1] . . .he made no reference to "Kolb's Law of Commentaries" which I recently discovered (and which reads: In news commentaries the angle of slant is directly proportional to the commentator's desire to persuade and inversely proportional to the complete facts) . . . .

This particular law was discovered while seeing the McCarthy hearings on television and then listening to the news commentator's remarks later in the day.

Edmond, Okla. HERMAN KOLB

FROM THE ACADEMY

(*Continued from p. 24*)

study, I fear, is ineluctably joined to the administration of Mr. Hunt's deplored "existing world," rather than to dreams of Cloud Cuckoo-Land). Seventy per cent of a recent entering class in the Law School had not studied English history (we're not talking about engineers or home economists); less than half had enrolled in any course in American history above the freshman level.

I am suggesting that, through a vague desire to "adjust to perpetual change," our colleges may be making intelligent change, or decent preservation of our existing civilization, almost impossible. For the function of really liberal education has been to leaven the lump of the civil social order with persons of disciplined intellect and ethical understanding, acquainted with the best that has been thought and done in the past. In the name of an indefinable "new liberality," we may be condemning the best minds and hearts of the rising generation to a diet of slush. And, with apologies to our well-meaning Mr. Hunt, I propose to pursue this topic further in an early article.

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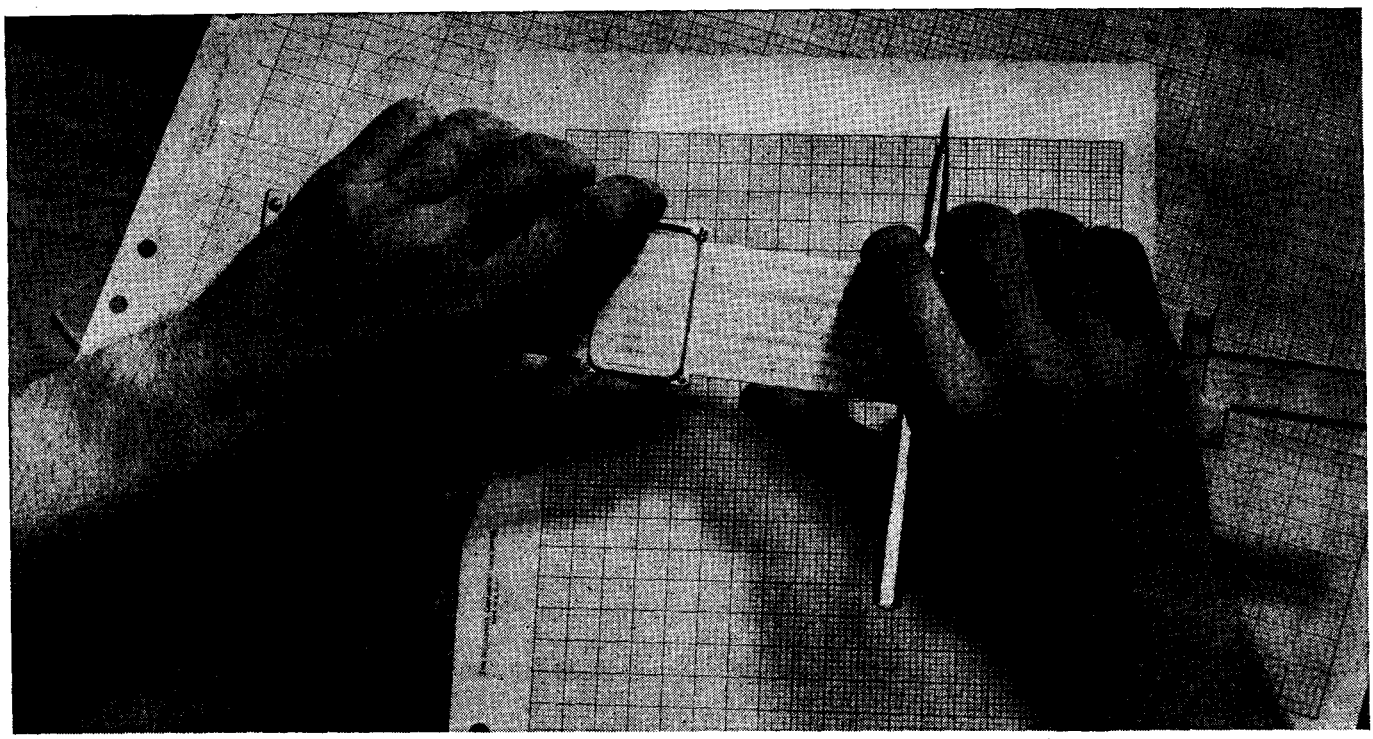

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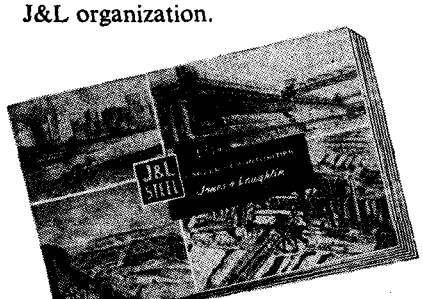

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